FORBES
DEL. ET. SC.

Spirit of the Times

OFFICE 157 BROADWAY. NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, AUGUST 26, 1837. VOL. VII. No. 28.

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

There is no mistake about it—"regular rows is riz!" and we regret to say that a few of our correspondents are getting wolfish. Some of the letters that have reached us lately, would verily have made "a muss" in the mail bag if they had travelled together. Not Saul of Tarsus ever "breathed out" such "threatenings and slaughter." The chirography—the very pot hooks and trammels, look fierce—the capital letters resemble "the worst kind" of Bowie knives, and the red wafers and wax seem like great horrid gashes! If one of the real blood-thirsty looking ones ever falls into Amos Kendall's hands, he will resign forthwith. The subject matter of their discourse is this, that, or the other man's horse, and the way one correspondent puts it to another beats cats a-fighting. Of course, "we'll none of them." We have no objection to an occasional hard hit, or a scientific lick, but when it comes to the regular rough and tumble—the knock down and drag out, we are ready to ask—"School-marm, may I go out?" We have only to request each of them, "if you can't be asy, be as asy as you can." Don't come "a whole load" over us—pray let us have it in "broken doses."

The individual who sent us an article for publication, with the following postscript endorsed "*private*," should know us better than to suppose his communication would be inserted on any terms. Whether the facts alleged are true or not, it is evident they were written with no good motive:—

"*Private.*—Sir: You are sent the above for publication. I wish it done; if you charge for it say so, and perfix the amount beneath the advertisement, and it shall be sent you by return mail; otherwise, no remark is necessary save a publication verbatim."

A long letter from "*Fair Play*," of Alabama, relative to "D. Q." of Virginia, has been received. Two or three weeks since we suppressed a letter of "D. Q." containing some reflections upon "Fair Play," and as "sauce for the goose is sauce for the gander," we now omit the letter of "Fair Play." When their last communications were inserted, we concluded the game "double or quits;" each appeared to have said his say in the premises, and we hoped the matter would end here. And so it must in our columns, without their respective articles are paid for as advertisements. Our readers are entitled to our best endeavors to fill our columns with useful, interesting, or entertaining matter, and on this ground we are compelled to omit the articles referred to. "D. Q." and "Fair Play" both wield able pens, and have the ability to impart increased interest to the columns of this paper, which are open to them for the discussion of any subject in which our readers generally can be supposed to feel an interest.

INFORMATION WANTED.

Where a good *Rider* may be had, that would be able to ride 3 and 4 yr. olds? One is wanted to go to South Carolina. Send address and terms to the Editor of this paper.

Where some *Bakewell Sheep* may be had? Their price, delivered in this city or at Charleston, S. C., should be stated.

Where may be had a young *Cocker Spaniel?* State color (yellow and white preferred) and price, delivered in this city.

Who desires to purchase some very cheap *Brood Mares*, at prices varying from $500 to $1000?—or some three or four of the most fashionable blood, known as capital racers themselves, and whose colts have shown to advantage or promise to do so? We know of a few of the latter description on sale for from $2500 to $5000.

Who desires to purchase some well bred, promising colts and fillies for the turf? Several can be had cheap if applied for soon, at from $500 to $1500.

Letters in relation to the above will be attended to promptly, and without expense, if addressed, *post paid*, to the Editor of the Spirit of the Times.

CONTENTS OF THE SPIRIT OF THE TIMES.

The *First* number of the new volume, published on the 18th February, 1837, contained an *Alphabetical List of* American Winning Horses, Four Mile Heats,, during the year 1836—Reports of Races—Matches—On Dits in Sporting Circles—Essays on Blood Stock—Pedigrees, etc., and a great variety of *Sporting Intelligence.*

The *Second* number (25th Feb.) contained the Alphabetical List of *American Winning Horses*, Three *Mile Heats*, with a great variety of Sporting and Theatrical Intelligence.

The *Third* number (4th March) contained the Pedigrees, Characteristics, and Performances of "the cracks of the day," including *John Bascombe, Post Boy, Mingo, Rodolph,* and *Linnet*, with the usual variety of other reading matter.

The *Fourth* number (11th March) contains a complete *Alphabetical List of Stallions* for 1837—(consisting of 123 of the most distinguished)—with several communications from Breeders and Turfmen in different sections of the country, and other original articles.

The *Fifth* number (18th March) contained a *Complete List of English Winning Horses* of 1836, at all distances, being the only one published in America.

The *Ninth* number (April 15th) contained the Alphabetical List of *American Winning Horses, Two Mile Heats.*

The *Twentieth* number (July 1), contained an Alphabetical List of *American Winning Horses* of 1836, at *Mile Heats*, with a variety of Statistics of the Turf.

☞ Back numbers from the commencement of the present volume, will be furnished to new subscribers if desired. Files will also be preserved at the office for binding, at the expiration of the year, for such gentlemen as wish it.

Things Theatrical.

The Park.—This house always opens with spirit, and the audiences participate in the congenial feelings of good fellowship which seem to pervade throughout. The elegance and neatness in every department renders every one comfortable, and if the play be but passable, all seem satisfied, and even delighted. But we have had unusual attractions for a first week, of which our community have shown a due appreciation. Miss Clifton and Mrs. Sharpe, on alternate nights, have given variety to the entertainments, and mutually contributed to each other's success.

Mrs. Sharpe's *Donna Violante* on Monday was in her very best style, and she was greeted by her thousand steadfast friends with every expression of kind feeling and admiration. Indeed, the whole stock company were courteously received as they presented themselves before the auditory, and it must have been highly gratifying to them to discover such friendly dispositions among those to whom they look for approbation.

On Tuesday Miss Clifton made her first appearance at the Park as *Bianca*, in Fazio. The character of the house, and the warmth of her reception, were extremely flattering, so much so, that some time elapsed before she recovered from that natural embarrassment incident to such an occasion. As the play advanced, however, she recovered herself, and began to exhibit touches of her quality, that electrified the house, and thenceforward there was no abatement of interest to the final scene. Judging from the frequent and fervent applause even in scenes often rendered tame and pointless, and from the enthusiastic expression of admiration from scores of individuals, her debut at the Park realized all that her warmest friends could have anticipated, and will form a new era in her career to "the high places" in her profession,

We shall refrain from formally criticizing in detail any peculiarities this lady may possess, until after her appearance in Mr. Willis's new tragedy, which occurs so near the hour of our going to press, as to preclude the possibility of any notice from us this week.

Of Mr. Willis's tragedy let us say a word. During the week we have perused and re-perused, again and again, this production of our countryman, and have each time laid it down with the conviction on our minds, that it is one of the most beautiful and dramatic tragic dramas we ever read. We will risk our judgment and our taste on the prediction of its complete and triumphant success. It is so poetic, and at the same time so effectively dramatic throughout,—and all the incidents are so touching and exquisitely tender, that it carries the heart with it, and the listener will be irresistibly compelled to sympathise with the startling emotions of a high wrought soul, maddened by conflicting passions, and rendered distraught by the consciousness of a guilty forbearance, yet preserving her loveliness and purity of soul amid the ghastly ruin that yawns around her. Take our word for it, it is altogether a most exquisite thing, and will be personated in a style of excellence that will astonish every one.

Miss Nelson is still the principal attraction at the *Bowery*. Has the manager no other star engaged this winter than Jim Crow? There are half a dozen in town.

Miss Monier is doing a fair business at her *Dramatic Saloon*. She is one of the cleverest creatures in the profession.

The *Broadway* theatre, Euterpean Hall, is to be opened on Monday next by T. T. Jackson; the house is very pretty, and the company uncommonly good. It includes the Flynns, Blakely, John Greene and his wife, Anderson, (late prompter at the Bowery, and the best Irishman we ever saw,) Mitchell, the Thomans, Jamieson, Misses Verity, Hancker, Lopez, and a score of others. The manager, only got a lease of the lot upon which the theatre is erected on the 20th of July last. "It takes him!"

The *Franklin* had Deaf Burke upon the stage the other night, who flared up in a set-to. We are sorry "the Deaf 'un" did not give the manager a taste of his quality.

The *National* is only awaiting Wallack's arrival to throw open its doors. By the 1st of Sept. it will doubtless be in "the full tide of successful experiment."

The *Olympic* theatre positively opens on Monday, the 11th of Sept., say the managers, who are fitting it up very prettily.

Mrs. *Hamblin's* theatre makes more money than noise, we understand; it is a snug little affair, in a quiet part of the town. There will soon be a theatre in every ward of the city, if the mania for new ones continues much longer.

Booth, with John R. Scott, Miss Melton, and Latham, are at the *Tremont*, Boston. Barry has opened the campaign in force. His present stars are to be succeeded by Miss Tree, Miss Clifton, Forrest, etc. Yankee Hill has just concluded an engagement. At the *National* are the Ravels and Mrs. Anderson, the latter a permanent and brilliant star, that we should like to see here whenever the Bostonians will spare her. Miss Louisa Johnson, we see, "capers nimbly" and nightly at the Lion.

The *Chesnut street* house, Philadelphia, opened last Friday. Burton, Hamilton, Wood, Lyndsay, and indeed all the old favorites of the town, are re-engaged. Mrs. Lewis is starring at the Walnut street theatre.

Augusta, with Miss Kerr, made their first appearance at the National theatre, Cincinnati, on the 17th inst. The beauty and fashion of the city were on the *qui vive* to see Augusta, who receives $200 per night.

"Chapman's company of the Mississippi and Ohio Steamboat Theatre," have anchored *their theatre* off Natchez, and are playing in the one situated on terra firma in the city.

Ward will probably open the Baltimore theatre next week, and the one at Washington before the Session commences.

Mrs. Gibbs gave a Concert at Rochester last Monday. She will probably return here in the course of a few weeks.

Blake will open the Albany theatre immediately for a limited season. A *debutante* from this city, of whom report speaks favorably, is to appear.

Dixon, the American *Buffalo* singer, is tuning his pipes at "Bangher," down east. George is a genius, he is, and we should not be surprised if he left town in character—that is, "settin' on a rail."

Miss Petrie, Field, and Tom Placide are playing *Der Freischutz* at St. Louis. The business is immense.

Mrs. Chapman is in town. Abbott has left for Charleston, Russell, Forbes, Groves, and half a dozen other managers are still here, with "any quantity" of theatrical people, "and more to-morrow" expected.

The *Concerts* and *Vaudevilles* at Niblo's Garden are as popular as ever.—For John Sefton's benefit last Tuesday, 2700 tickets were sold.

"Thespis" is informed that the prize offered by Miss Clifton ($1000) for the best tragedy, written for her disposal, has been awarded by that lady to Mr. Willis, in anticipation. Boston Transcript.

Not so; the $1000 given Mr. Willis for *Bianca Visconti* was "a fair business transaction," having no connection with the Prize previously offered. Of the half dozen original tragedies submitted for that prize, all were returned but two, respecting which, arrangements, we believe, are in progress. Of "the wheelbarrow load" tendered Wallack, the whole were returned, for manifest reasons. For a first rate tragedy $1000 is no great price, while an indifferent one is not worth a *picayune.*

A correspondent from Lowell informs us that Miss Sarah Hildreth, the young lady who made so successful a *debut* at the Park theatre, is the daughter of Israel Hildreth, Jr., M. D., of Dracut, Mass., where Miss H. was born. Boston Morning Post.

We regret our obligation to inform the Morning Post that this young lady's *debut* was anything but successful, and that the failure was mainly owing to the gross and culpable indiscretion of her counsellors, in persisting to force her upon the stage before she had acquired the first rudiments of her profession. Under these circumstances her failure was a matter of course, and the "judicious critics" of the Evening Star and the Express *now* come out and inform us that until she appeared upon the stage in the arduous character of *Marianna*, she had not even witnessed a theatrical performance more than five or six times in her life! The lady has fine intellectual features, a good person, and a voice far above mediocrity—indeed, many requisites for the profession she appears to have chosen. But all these advantages will avail her little without experience, taste, study, and a long and diligent cultivation of her natural abilities. Give a man the best materials and the choicest tools, and how few there are that can make the most ordinary article in daily use—a chair or table, for instance. Any one can readily make either if he will but serve an apprenticeship; but any one cannot become an actor, if he lives to the age of Methuselah. It was not until after a most studious and unwearied probation of fourteen years that the great Siddons was allowed to sustain at the Old Drury of London a principal character. It will not be maintained by her friends, probably, that Miss Hildreth is possessed of superior genius. Miss O'Neill and Kean served a still longer term—about as many years as Miss Hildreth has days. Was there more need? Mrs. Duff had been years upon the stage before she ventured to appear in a prominent part. And so was Ellen Tree, and Mrs. Wood, and Miss Phillips—so also was Mrs. Sharpe, Mrs. Wheatley, Mrs. Barrett, and Mrs. Chapman, and indeed almost every one that has attained eminence. Fanny Kemble selected *Juliet* for her debut, and by a miracle of fortune, aided by friends, circumstance, a perfect acquaintance with her profession, joined to a resplendant genius and cultivated talents of the very highest order, succeeded. Miss Hildreth may be an accomplished young lady, as we doubt not she is—she may be gifted with great good sense—her mind may be improved, her taste refined, and her natural gifts and graces thrown out in bold and beautiful relief by judicious culture,—but she is not a Fanny Kemble!

The following letter to us from a friend, is so flattering to the young lady, that we make room for several extracts with pleasure:—

Oswego, N. Y. Aug. 14, 1837.

My Old Friend P.—By a paragraph in the "Express" of Saturday morning, I learn that Miss Sarah Hildreth made her debut on the boards of Old Drury on Thursday evening last, and that it was "a most decided *hit*." I have heard nothing of late more unexpected, while at the same time it is highly gratifying. She is a fine girl of "sweet" 19 or 20—is a favorite daughter of Dr. Hildreth, of Dracut, Mass., and has always moved in the higher walks of life. If she is like successful in her efforts to please in her profession as she has been in the social circles of this village, she will be a decided favorite—Herself and sister, Mrs. R———, passed the last winter with us here, and were the belles of our parties and merry meetings. * * * * *

As you are aware, for the last few years I have not been in the way of taking any interest in the amusements of the drama; but when a favorite acquaintance like Miss H. embarks in an enterprise so uncertain, I am disposed to do whatever lies in my power to advance her interests. * * * * *

Now, as you are ready at al times to "do good unto all men"—but woman in particular, and moreover are a great admirer of the sex and of the Drama, it would seem reasonable that you may be disposed to aid her—which you can do by your kindly advice and quill. The newspapers, after all, you know, do about the whole in the way of effect, and seem to make an impression which nothing else can. I have already, and before she left us, taken the liberty to make honorable mention of yourself, as one of those critics, (not forgetting that you were a bachelor) in matters of this kind, whose opinions were like those of a Chancellor judge—"*the end of the law for righteousness' sake.*"

Let my hear from you by the earliest opportunity, and believe me,

In haste, yours truly, M. D. B.

Note.—It would have afforded us peculiar gratification to have obliged our old friend B. in this matter, but the opportunity has passed, we fear. If the endless mortifications his interesting *protegee* must have suffered on the occasion of her *debut*, have not utterly disgusted her with the profession into which she was so unwisely hurried by her friends, she may yet spread her sail to the breeze of popular applause. Mrs. Siddons failed after seven years spent in the study and practice of her profession, and seven more elapsed before she again ventured upon the London boards. Let Miss Hildreth at least devote *one* to a judicious cultivation of her powers—familiarize herself with the arduous duties that will devolve upon her, and with her beauty and talents, we see no insurmountable obstacle to prevent her attaining in a few years the topmost round of her profession, and certainly she shall have our best wishes and endeavors to assist her in her progress "up Fame's proud summit."

LETTER FROM JIM CROW.

London, June 18, 1837.

Dear ——,—Here I am, brought up all standing, just returned from rivalling the success of old Kean in Dublin, Cork, and Limerick. Rivalling do I say? Surpassing I mean, for he at best only turned the people's heads, while I have set their whole bodies to jump about and wheel about like a set of teto-tums. By the by, if I play a few more engagements here, I must send an envoy extraordinary to America to procure me a new Jim Crow dress; for my kingly suit is like the man in the house that Jack built, "all tattered and torn," and what is worse, so many Dukes and Countesses "beg a *rag* of me for memory," that the poor nigger is scarcely decent, and that's the naked truth.

I am to play my farewell engagement now in London, and shall have the theatrical heaven all to myself to blaze away in, for those two luminous planets, Hamblin and Forrest, who came nearest to my meridian glory, have eclipsed—one to America, the other into the gloomy shores of matrimony. I suppose the former has initiated you into all the professional mysteries going on here. I hope he did not, on account of that bashfulness for which he is so famed, forget to make honorable mention of himself. He was an enormous favorite here, especially among the ladies, God bless them! They know when they see a handsome man, and that is what makes them come so often to see me. Covent Garden drooped after Hamblin left; grew sleepier and more sleepy, and at last shut up altogether. Drury Lane is little better, although it keeps open, but looks like a person moving about in a state of somnambulation. I can have my own terms at any theatre in London; and although there are a great many counterfeit Jim Crows, they none of them *caw* to any purpose. Maywood is here hunting engagements as eagerly as a spinster of fifty. I am to go to him after opening at the Bowery. Hurrah for the rare old Bowery! Never shall I feel at home so gloriously as there. I hope to make many a broad grin on many a familiar face when I re-commence my operations there.

The bloods here are to give me a grand public dinner before I leave—no less than a scion of blood royal, Fitzclarence, to take the chair. I know of two toasts that they must drink of my proposing—"America," and the "Bowery Theatre." William the 4th is gone to the tomb of all the Capulets, and a lovely young woman is Queen of England. Who would not be her subject? To be presented to kiss her hand would almost reconcile a republican to a monarchy.

Excuse this hasty scrawl. Lord Magnifico Muddlebrain is waiting to take me out in his britzka, and it would not be manners you know to keep the aristocracy waiting. So—

Here's a health to Columbia, God bless it!"
and I am your raal ginuine Guinea nigger. RICE.

Jim Crow.—We certainly have no right to complain of the want of taste in John Bull in his extraordinary patronage of Jim Crow. He is a bird of our own hatching, and we certainly did think that in winging his flight across the Atlantic, his success would have been tolerable at the Royalty and other minor places near Wapping. *Tout au contraire.* Nothing since the days of Garrick or Kean has equalled the popularity of this "*Virginia Nigger.*" He is, by all accounts, coining money, and by no means among the loafers of the metropolis: Dukes and Duchesses: Lord Lieutenants and Field Marshals, and we shall not be surprised if the youthful Queen herself should send an invitation to Rice to jump Jim Crow for her at the Palace. In looking over a file of Irish papers, we were struck by the unexplainable attractions of his sooty face and garments of rags and tatters. Mr. and Mrs. Wood could not draw a house, and Macready had to quit the field for Jim Crow. We find on one occasion, at Dublin, the Lord Lieutenant and suite were present, and $1800 in the house, one clear third of which goes to Jim Crow. On his fourth night he had $1400 in the house, and in Cork he had $1900 in the house, and all the boxes taken before 12 o'clock.

At all these places, independent of jumping Jim Crow an inconceivable number of times, he plays Ginger Blue Cæsar, a Dandy Nigger, and several pieces of similar merit. We take it lor granted that Rice will not be afraid to come back to his native land. He will be quite a trump to any house who will engage him. Star.

Two Editors in Pittsburg, Va., have been drawing pistols upon each other, says the Boston Post. He of the Bulletin went into the office of him of the Gazette, with war in his visage, and struck the Gazette man with his hand;—whereupon the Gazette man did the same; but the Gazette man was so frightened at the *sight* of the Bulletin's pistol, that "*he dropped down on the floor like an empty sack*," says the Bulletin; after an exchange of few complimentary phrases the parties separated without wasting a grain of powder. The editor of the Bulletin says:—

"I pronounced him (the editor of the Gazette) *then*, as *I do now*, a *scoundrel* and a *coward*, and should an opportunity occur, will *publicly* prove him to be both."

The enterprising colonists of Virginia being generally destitute of families, Sir Edward Sandys, the Treasurer, proposed to the Virginia company to send over a freight of young women, to become wives to the planters. The proposal was applauded, and ninety girls, young and uncorrupt, were sent over in the ships that arrived this year (1620), and the year following sixty more, handsome and well recommended to the company for their virtuous education and demeanor. The price of a wife at the first was *one hundred pounds of tobacco;* but as the number became scarce, the price was raised to *one hundred and fifty pounds:* the value of which in money was 3s. per lb. This debt for wives it was ordered should have the precedency of all other debts, and be first recoverable. The Rev. Mr. Weems, a Virginian writer, intimates that it would have done a man's heart good to see the gallant young Virginians hastening to the water side when a vessel arrived from London, each carrying a bundle of the best tobacco under his arm, and taking back with him a beautiful and virtuous young wife.

Shocking Punctilio.—A correspondent of the Times describes a most offensive sight which lately met his eye near the Isle of Dogs, in going to Greenwich by steam. "I observed (he says) a man in the water, naked, and who I thought was endeavoring to hide himself under the surface of the water until the boat had passed; I pointed him out to a gentleman who stood by, and the mate of the vessel. Judge of my horror when I was told it was the body of a man drowned while bathing, and who lay there, tied by the neck to a boat, in order that the adjacent parish should not be obliged to bury him, which, I believe it was said, they would have to do, had he been landed or washed on shore.

A RIDE IN THE GREAT WESTERN JUNGLE.

BY AN OLD FOREST RANGER.

"Od, man, but yon was a narrow escape ye had frae the tiger," remarked the Doctor, as our three sporting friends cantered slowly down the romantic pass which leads from the Neilgherry Hills to the Great Western Jungle. "I canna' think hoo he gae'd o'er you without gie'n you a skilp wi' ane o' thae muckle paws o' his; od, they'r gae an ready wi' them by ordinar!"

"Faith, Doctor, that's more than I can tell you myself," replied Mansfield; "all that I recollect is hearing a roar, seeing some large object fly over my head, and finding myself sprawling at the bottom of the ravine with one barrel of my rifle discharged. I must confess it was a fool-hardy attempt on my part, and I have got out of the scrape much better than I deserved. I received a lesson in my early days, which ought to have taught me better, and made me cautious of attacking anything in the shape of a tiger for the rest of my life."

"May I ask what that was?" inquired Charles, who now began to take a deep interest in Mansfield's anecdotes of jungle warfare.

"It is a melancholy story, and one which, even now, I cannot think of without a feeling of remorse for my folly. But I shall tell it you, as it may prove a good lesson, and prevent your being guilty of any such rash act, in the commencement of your jungle campaign. It happened soon after my arrival in this country, when I was yet a boy, and, like all *Griffins*, addicted to the vice of hat-hunting, or, as your worthy uncle emphatically terms it, thistle-whipping—one fine morning I was following my usual avocation, attended only by a Moorish boy, who had charge of my dogs, a fine game little fellow, about twelve years of age, and a few cockers. The boy and his dogs beat the bushes vigorously: quail and partridge were plentiful; and in spite of my missing every second shot, my bag was beginning to fill rapidly. I fancied myself a very Nimrod, and coutinued to load and fire with unwearied industry and great delectation. In the midst of our sport, a large panther sprang from the bushes; and, strange to say, took to flight, followed by my pack of yelping curs, till they drove him into a cave, at the side of a rocky hill, at no great distance. I never before saw anything in the shape of a tiger, and was struck dumb with astonishment. Not so my little Moor boy. He was the son of a famous *Skikaree*, and although I believe he had never seen a tiger any more than myself, he had often heard his father talk of his exploits amongst the wild beasts of the forest, he knew me to be a *griffin*, and his little heart swelled with the proud consciousness of superior knowledge in woodcraft. 'Suppose master please,' said he, drawing himself up, and assuming an air of importance, 'I show *Sahib* how to kill that tiger. I know very well *burrah shikar*[*] business.' In my simplicity I looked upon the darling little imp, who talked thus confidently of killing a panther with a degree of respect almost amounting to awe; and, without hesitation, put myself under his guidance. According to his directions, I extracted the shot from my gun, and re-loaded it with some bullets, which I happened to have in my pocket. 'Now then,' exclaimed my young *Shikaree*, as he placed me behind the shelter of a large stone, directly in front of the cave; 'now then, I show *Sahib* how to make tiger come. *Sahib* make tiger eat plenty balls; that proper *shikar* business.' So saying, he marched up directly to the entrance of the cave, and began to pelt the tiger with stones, abusing him, at the same time, in choice Hindoostanee slang. Sure enough this did make 'tiger come' with a vengeance. The enraged brute, uttering a shrill roar, darted from the cave, seized the poor boy by the back of the neck, threw him over his shoulder, and dashed down the hill like a thunderbolt. My blood curdled at the sight; but I instinctively fired, and, I suppose, hit the beast, for he instantly dropped the boy, who rolled into a dark ravine at the foot of the hill. The panther having disappeared in the neighbouring jungle, I descended into the ravine, to look after poor little 'Kheder.' There he lay, weltering in blood, dreadfully mangled, and evidently in a dying state, but still quite sensible. The gallant little fellow never uttered a complaint, but fixing his large black eyes steadily on my countenance, as if he could there read his fate, asked in a faint voice for some water. I was stooping down to collect some in my hat, when I was startled by a surly growl and the noise of some animal snuffing amongst the brushwood, which closed over my head. It was the panther, who had returned. My first impulse was to fly, and leave the boy to his fate. But poor 'Kheder,' seeing my intention, fixed his glassy eyes upon me with an imploring look which cut me to the heart, and made me blush for very shame. Kneeling by his side, I raised his head, wiped the bloody froth from his parched lips, and poured a few drops of water down his throat. This appeared to revive him. 'You have not killed the tiger, *Sahib*,' said he, speaking in Hindoostanee: 'I am sorry for that. I should like to have sent his skin to my father. But you will tell him, *Sahib*, that I died like a *shikaree*. I was not afraid of the tiger: I never cried out when I felt his teeth crunching through my bones. No; I stuck my knife in him twice. See! that is tiger's blood!' and his glazing eye flashed wildly for a moment, as he held up a bloody knife, which he clutched firmly in his right hand. 'My father will be proud to hear this. But my poor mother will cry much, and her heart will turn to water when she hears that I am dead.' And here, for the first time, the hot tears began to trickle down his cheeks. For a few minutes he remained motionless, with his eyes closed, and the big drops stealing, slowly and silently, through his long silken eyelashes. But, suddenly starting up, with his eyes bursting from their sockets, and gasping painfully for breath, he screamed, as if in a fit of delirium, 'The tiger has seized me again?—save me, *Sahib*, save me!' cried he, in a hoarse voice; 'I feel his teeth in my throat! my breath is stopped!—ah!—ah!' he gasped like a person drowning, his eyes turned in his head till nothing but the white was visible—his jaws became firmly locked—a cold shudder ran through his limbs—and the gallant little 'Kheder' fell back in my arms a stiffened corpse.[†] I was young then, and unused to witness death; and that scene has made an impression on my mind which never will be obliterated. All this time the panther continued to pace up and down the edge of the ravine, nearly on a level with my head, growling fearfully, and, ever and anon, poking his snout into the bushes, and snuffing at me, as if debating with himself whether or not he should jump down. The bushes were so thick that he could not distinguish me through them, and it is to this circumstance that I attribute my escape. For a full hour I remained in this dreadful state of suspense; and, during that fearful hour, many were the good resolves I made against tiger-hunting. But like many other good resolves, they were only made to be broken on the first tempting opportunity. The panther, at last, as if tired of keeping watch, walked quietly off; and I escaped to tell the tale, which I trust will prove a warning to you, Master Charles, and all other *Griffins* who may chance to hear it."

"Eh! Captain Mansfield, but that's an awfu' affectin' story," exclaimed the Doctor, inhaling an enormous pinch of snuff; "the death o' that puir bit laddy gar' the tears come into my een, and amaist set me greetin'. I wonder, Sir, it hasna' had some effect in makin' you a wee thing mair quiet and wiselike. But I'm thinkin' you're waur than ever. Od, man, it's just frightsome to see the way your een glance, when onything comes across you, to set your birse up. By your leave, Sir, you're a perfect maniac for the time being. As true as death it gar' me grue to see the wild demented look ye had, this same day, when ye gaed into the glen after the tigre. What will you do, Sir, when ye gang hame, where ye'll hae nae tigers nor wild soos to hunt? Think o' that, Sir! Od, ye'll no be chancy! I expect to hear o' your ridin' about the country wi' a pot-lid on your head, like Don Quixotte, spearin' the puir folks' swine, wi' the cook's spit, or maybe creepin' up ahint a dike, and takin' a shot at a brindled stirk, amang the bushes, in mistake for a tiger. And, noo that I think o't, I'm no just sure that you'll be able to remain in the airmy. Na, sir, you canna do't. You'll need to sell oot—and you'd better do't afore ye get amang your freens and expose yoursell'. Ye ken, Sir, when ye gang hame, the grenadiers 'll get back the bearskin caps; and the smell o' the bear's fur, on a hot day, 'll raise your corruption, and set you demented. Ye'll begin first to snuff and snort, the way you did the day, when the tigre wadna come out. And then you'll cry oot to the commandin' offisher, 'Look out, Sir! look out!—the bears afoot—I smell him!' And then—and then—hoot, fie, Sir, it'll never do; you maunna gang hame, on nae account; you maun get an exchange, without loss of time. If ance ye gang to England, they'll hae you in a straight jacket, wi' your head shaved and spinnin' aboot in a big creel, hung frae the tap o' the room, for a' the world like a rattan in a wire cage, afore you're twenty-four hours on shore."

"You be hanged!" cried Mansfield, unable longer to keep his gravity, and bursting into a loud laugh.

The Doctor grinned mightily at his own conceit, exhibiting a set of yellow teeth, which, barring the colour, might have been envied by a wolf; and, following the example of Mansfield and Charles, spurred his horse into a sharp canter.

Our friends have, by this time, accomplished more than half the descent; and a remarkable change is already perceptible, not only in the temperature of the air, but in the scenery and in the natural productions. The cloth dress, which had been found necessary in the bracing climate of the hills, now begins to feel oppressive to the wearer. The Rhododendron trees, wild jessamine, and high waving fern, which have hitherto clothed the sides of the hills, now give place to stunted bamboo and dwarf Palmyra bushes; whilst turtle doves, tookans, paroquets, and other tropical birds, unknown on the summit of the hills, begin to make their appearance.

As they continued to descend, the heat, and the tropical character of the scenery, gradually increased, till, at the foot of the pass, the road suddenly plunged into the great forest jungle which encircles the hills; that wilderness of trees, where the stupendous elephant and the prowling tiger have, for ages, held undisputed sway.

Here, the tall feathery bamboo, the stately teak, and other large trees peculiar to an eastern climate, flourish in all their glory. The glare of an Indian sun is suddenly quenched in the deep gloom of the forest. The deathlike silence of the wilderness reigns around; and the confined air of the woods becomes close and suffocating.

Under the shade of a large banian tree, at the entrance of the forest, our party found a relay of fresh horses, which had been sent on during the night.

The saddles were quickly transferred to their backs, and, leaving their smoking steeds in charge of the horse-keepers, the three sportsmen pushed along the rugged path, which led into the forest, at a round pace.

"Come, Æsculapius, cried Mansfield, addressing the Doctor, who was beginning to lag behind, and exhibited strong symptoms of being somewhat saddlesick, "that old jade of yours will fall asleep under you, unless you make better use of your heels.—Give him the spur, man."

"Oich! Hoich!" grunted the Doctor, as he drove the spurs into his long-legged, raw-boned, *kutch*-horse, and came shambling up to the rest of the party, at a pace, which very much resembled the action of a dromedary, and must have been about equally pleasant to the unfortunate rider—"Od, Captain, this is a deevle o' a pace ye'r gaun at—man nor beast is no fit to stand this, at least, no' withouten leather breeks and tap-boots."

"O, ho!" cried Mansfield, laughing, "is that your complaint, Doctor?—sorry for you, my worthy Galen, very sorry, indeed—nothing so unpleasant as feeling the want of a pair of leathers in a long ride; but I much fear there is no help for it. We have still twenty long miles before us, and unless we make play now we shall get benighted and lose our way, which in this forest would be no joke. Give him his head, man, and let him go."

"Weel, weel," sighed the Doctor; "but just bide a wee till I dight my face, and get a pinch out o' my mull." Here the Docter pulled off his hat, and began to mop his face with a snuffy pocket-handkerchief. "By your leave, gentlemen, I'm just sweetin like a bull, and my poor beast is no muckle better."

"Hark forward!" cried Mansfield, giving the reins to his horse, after he had allowed the Doctor sufficient time to enjoy a hearty pinch of snuff. "Good night to you, Doctor; I suppose we shall hear of you in the course of to-morrow, provided the tigers or wild elephants do not make free with you during the night."

The Doctor, finding there was no help for it, took heart of grace, and by dint of plying the spurs vigorously, managed to make the old dromedary keep up wonderfully well, although not without many a grin, and many an uneasy shifting of his seat.

As they penetrated deeper into the woods, the gloom became more intense, and the deep silence of solitude more imposing. It almost inspired them with a feeling of awe. Not a bird, not even an insect, was heard. It appeared as if no living thing had ever disturbed the solitude of the primeval forest. And yet there were occasionally traces of life. The tall rank grass which grew up amongst the trees, to the height of ten or twelve feet, was in many places trampled down by the wandering herds of wild elephants—several recent foot-marks of tigers might be traced along the sandy path, and once or twice a jungle-dog was seen to glide across the road, with the drooping tail and stealthy pace which indicate the prowling savage.

Here and there an occasional opening in the tree tops varied the monotony of the scene, exhibiting a gorgeous view of the mountains. Their stupendous crags, hanging woods, and sparkling waterfalls, backed by a sky of deeper blue than even Italy can boast, formed a striking contrast to the sombre gloom of the forest, and made the panting travellers sigh for the fresh mountain breezes which they had so lately left.

Mansfield and Charles had just pulled up for a moment to admire one of those beautiful glimpses, and to allow the Doctor, who had again fallen behind, to come up, when the former, casting his eyes upon the ground, discovered a huge snake, a boa-constrictor about twenty feet long, basking amongst the dry leaves by the side of the path.

"Hurra, Doctor!—Hurra! Screw him along. Here's a shot for you; a piece of *shikar* quite in your line"—and Mansfield hastily unslung his rifle, which he always carried at his back ready loaded.

"What is't, man?—what is't?" cried the Doctor, coming up quite out of breath.

"See there," replied Mansfield, pointing to the snake; "what do you think of that fellow, Doctor? Would he not be a fine addition to your museum?"

"Od's my life, man, but that's a grand beast," exclaimed the Doctor, jumping from his horse. "An indubitable boa, and longer by six feet than ony specimen I ever met wi'. Gi' us the rifle, Captain, gi' us the rifle, till I shoot him—I wouldna' lose that specimen for a pund-note."

"Steady now, Doctor," said Mansfield, handing him the rifle; "let's see you take him in the head."

"Na, na! we maunna injure the heed on no account; it would spoil him for a specimen," replied the Doctor, firing right and left into the snake.

The balls passed through the body of the enormous reptile without apparently doing him much injury; he merely gave a convulsive start, and glided rapidly into the jungle.

"Hark to him, Doctor! Go it, my sporting Æsculapius! Never mind the thorns!" shouted Mansfield, laughing till he nearly fell from his horse, as the worthy Doctor, in the excitement of the moment, dashed through brake and brier in hot pursuit of the wounded snake.

Charles, who had never before seen a boa, was quite as anxious as the Doctor to secure the prize. Throwing the reins of his horse to Mansfield, he sprang to the ground, and joined in the chase, shouting aloud, and brandishing a hog-spear which he happened to carry in his hand.

In this manner they followed the snake for some distance, the Doctor pounding away with the butt-end of the rifle, and Charles striving in vain to transfix him with his spear. At length the snake reached the brink of a dry watercourse filled with dense tangled brushwood, into which he glided. He was just about to disappear, when the Doctor, inspired with a desperate fit of courage, dashed forward, seized him by the tail, and took a turn of it round his arm, and throwing himself on his back, with his feet firmly planted against a tree, held on like grim death.

Luckily for the Doctor, the snake was too much disgusted with the treatment he had already received, or too intent on making his escape, to think of turning on his pursuers. But his struggles were tremendous. He coiled himself round the trees, twisted himself into knots, and strained every muscle in his body till they seemed ready to burst through his skin. So great was his strength, that it appeared, once or twice, as if the tail must give way or the Doctor's arms be torn from their sockets.

Whilst this struggle was going on, Charles was busily employed in re-loading the rifle.

"Haste you man! haste you!" gasped the Doctor, nearly black in the face from over-exertion. "Ods, my life, Maister Chairles, if ye dinna be quick and gie me another shot, he'll waur us a' at the hin'er end. He's amaist pou't the airms aff me already. Deil be licket, but I'm thinkin' it's the foul fiend himsell, in his auld disguise, that we hae grippet. Div ye no find nae smell o' brimstone about him?"

"Can't say I do," replied Charles, laughing, as he discharged both barrels into the snake; "but I shall make him smell it, and feel it, too."

Blood gushed copiously from the wounds, and the strength of the snake was perceptibly diminished. He suddenly uncoiled himself from the trees, and turned round, as if with the intention of making an attack. Charles, snatching up the spear, drove it through his head, and pinned him to the ground.

"Hold on now, Doctor," cried he, leaning his whole weight upon the spear to prevent its being withdrawn; "keep his tail fast, so that he may not get a purchase round a tree, and we have him."

The snake writhed about convulsively, but he was now completely paralysed, his strength was gone. In a few minutes the victory was complete; and Charles and the Doctor returned to the road, dragging along their snake in triumph."[*]

"Bravo, Medico! Welcome the conquering hero! So you've managed to hustle him at last." And Mansfield laughed heartily as the Doctor emerged from the jungle in a perfect fever of heat and excitement, his face laced with streaks of blood, which flowed from innumerable scratches, and his coat literally torn to shreds. "But I see you have not obtained a bloodless victory. Hang it, Doctor, you have utterly ruined your beauty. You will not be able to show that handsome face of yours among the women for a month to come."

"Ay, I'm thinking I've scarted mysell a wee," replied the Doctor, wiping the blood and perspiration from his face with the sleeve of his coat. "But they're honourable wounds, Captain. O! man, if you had seen the grand tulzie we had wi' the rampawgin deevle, it wad just hae putten ye clean out o' conceit wi' tiger huntin. It was the sarest job that ever I put my hand till. But, O! Captain, it was grand sport."

"I have no doubt it was a very brilliant piece of *shikar*," replied Mansfield, smiling. "But what do you intend to do with your game, now that you have secured it?"

"Do wi' it! Od, man, I'll take him hame, surely. Na,—I canna do that either, he's o'er heavy. But I'll just skin him where he is, and take the skin wi' me."

"No, no, my friend; we can't afford time for that now, the sun is just setting. But, as we are only five miles from camp, you can easily send out to-morrow morning and have him carried home."

The Doctor was reluctantly obliged to agree to this arrangement, and the party proceeded.

Daylight had deserted them before they reached the end of their journey. But the full moon had risen, and shed a flood of silver light over the picturesque jungle encampment, which rejoiced the sight of our wearied travellers, as a sudden opening amongst the trees brought them upon a beautiful natural lawn of velvet turf imbosomed in lofty woods, and sloping gently towards the bank of a deep and broad river studded with numerous wooded islands. The snow-white tents, glittering in the moonlight,—the bullocks and baggage ponies picketed under the trees,—the numerous fires, and the groups of natives squatted around them, with their dusky features and picturesque dresses brought out in strong relief by the reflection of the flame, formed altogether a very striking picture, and lent an air of home and comfort to the uninhabited forest.

Our party were quickly seated in the principal tent, around a camp-table sparkling with wax lights and groaning under a profusion of goodly viands,—amongst which a huge venison pasty and a wild boar's head shone conspicuous. Good store of claret was there also,—ruby bright, cold as the mountain spring. And the worthy Doctor's heart leapt for joy, whilst his mouth watered at beholding the unexpected luxury and good living afforded by an Indian sportsman's camp.

Ample justice was done to the feast, and after a moderate allowance of wine,—for Mansfield, like all good sportsmen, was temperate himself and the cause of temperance in others,—our friends retired to rest, prepared to start at daylight on the morrow, with clear heads and well-braced nerves,—two things as necessary to insure success to the forester as a quick eye and a true rifle. Koondah.

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[*] Great shikar—the hunting of large animals.

[†] The story of the poor dog-boy is a fact.

[*] This adventure with a snake was achieved by the writer and his brother in their early GRIFFINAGE; and, in those unsophisticated days, was looked upon, by them, as an exploit on ways inferior to Sir Guy's famous victory over the dragon of Wantley.

SPORTING LECTURES, BY JACK JORROCKS.

No. 1.

Our readers—indeed the sporting world generally—will, we are sure, rejoice to hear that Mr. Jorrocks, the account of whose manifold adventures has travelled to the most remote corners of the globe, has undertaken to illuminate the minds of the rising generation by a series of lectures on sporting subjects, the first of which was delivered on Monday last to a numerous and highly respectable audience assembled in his lecture room, No. 31, Oxendon-street, Haymarket. The entire drawing-room floor of that elegant and spacious mansion was converted into a theatre for the purpose, a rostrum being placed on a raised platform at the far end, which displayed an emblematical sporting device, consisting of a hunting cap, a pair of leather breeches, a boot-jack, and three foxes' brushes. On a stout table before the rostrum was placed a long-tailed white rocking-horse of the largest dimensions, saddled and bridled, upon which a strong light was thrown from a green-shaded lamp suspended from the ceiling, after the fashion of the gambling houses. Of course on a first night every thing cannot be expected to be in perfect order, but we trust we shall not be accused of hypercriticism, in suggesting to Mr. Jorrocks that the quality of his oil might be advantageously improved. In other respects the arrangements were very judicious and highly creditable to Benjamin, himself, and the ladies on the second floor, who had kindly lent him their assistance and a pair of candlesticks.

The lecture was announced for commencement at eight o'clock, *and no waiting*; long before which hour the company began to assemble, and at the appointed time every corner of the spacious room was crowded to suffocation; some being drawn by motives of curiosity, to see a gentleman who has made so much noise in the world, but the majority consisted of personal friends and admirers of Mr. Jorrocks, and young gentlemen ambitious of shining in the path he has so successfully trodden. Within a minute of his time, a side door in the panelled wainscoat opened, and the worthy lecturer appeared, and was received with loud tally-hos, view holloas, and the most enthusiastic cheering, which appeared sensibly to affect the old boy. He was dressed in the uniform of the Surrey hunt; scarlet coat (large and roomy), with green collar, yellow waistcoat, drab breeches with long flowing silk ribbons at the knees, and mahogany colored top-boots. In his right hand he carried his hat, and his left grasped a tremendous iron-headed hunting whip. He ascended the platform, followed by a large party of friends, among whom we noticed Nodding Homer, (also in the uniform of the Surrey hunt); James Green, Esq.; James Green, Esq., Sen-Jun; James Green, Esq., Jun.; James Green, Esq., Jun-Jun.; Jonathan Crane, &c., &c., who severally ranged themselves on his right and left. Silence having been obtained, Mr. Jorrocks stood forward and spoke as follows:—

"Beloved 'earers—I'm as pleased to see you as if I'd found a straw (laughter and hisses)—nay, dont 'iss, for I'm werry glad to see you all. Here we stand in the proudest *sittivation* in the world! *I'm* come here to enlighten you in sporting knowledge, *you're* come to pay me half-a-crown a piece and hear wot I've got to say. Never surely was a more fortunater circumstance. Who so well as John Jorrocks can explain the difficult mysteries of the chase? Who, better than I, can take the conceit out of a *whirring* cock pheasant? Where's there a man wot's more wide awake to the tricks of oss dealing? Can any on you tell better how to keep an oss in condition when you've got him? Where's the man wot can sit one with greater firmness, ease, or grace? Will any man tool a gig against me for a guinea hat? None, none, I say! Then it comes to this—that no man is better qualified to teach the young idea how to hunt, shoot, or drive, than I am, and to that end have I brought myself here this evening." Here Mr. J. took a tug at a porter pot that had been considerately placed under the rocking horse. "Now then, you see," said he, wiping his mouth with his sleeve, "I'm going to give a lot o' lectors—*curtain* ones you may call them," turning his eyes up to the canopy—"on sporting subjects, and I shall throw off to-night with a dissertation on the oss, which will give you an idea of the style of thing, and enable you to judge whether it will be agreeable to you to 'cut and come again,' as we say at the chop-houses, for if so be you like them, why then you may subscribe for the lot, which I will fix so as to come in at about two and twopence each, and allow a little discount into the bargain to those wot like to pay ready money. And here let me say that wot you will hear will be none o' your cut and dried lectors like Old Daddy Colman's, at the College, but real spirituous, 'art stirring discourses, flowing fresh from the pure well of knowledge undefiled, that will make the blood canter up and down your weins, with the finest, freeest, action imaginable (applause). I sees I'm going to hit the right nail on the head, so without more palaver we'll begin.

"I need not tell you wot an oss is. There's no one so superlatively hignorant as not to know them by sight, and to be aware that their component parts are four legs, a back-bone, a head, a neck, and a tail. Neither need I go back to the times when they rode hasses, nor consider whether a Hostrich (Ostrich), as Old Daddy Osmer assures us, can out-speed an oss, for it is werry immaterial considering that none of us—not even Nodding Homer himself—would look well cutting across country on a Hostrich! But I'll lift my hideas, and clap forrard to something useful: and where, let me ax, can I make a finer, a nobler start in this grandest field of human spekilation than by beginning with the 'unter! (applause). That's the nag for my money! Good in the field, useful on the road, grand in the field o' battle, superb in 'arness, and not above carrying Mrs. J. to Toothing on a Sunday, or even *fatching* a hogshead of sugar from the Docks." Here Mr. J. took another long pull at the porter pot. "Now," said he, "for the start: 'But oh!' as Johnny Lawrence says, 'who shall counsel a man in the choice of a wife or an oss?' Women we have nothing to do with here, and as to osses it is immaterial whether a youngster goes to Tatt's, or Smithfield; for in either case he is pretty sure to be displeased with his bargain. 'Buy in haste repent at leisure,' is another of old Daddy Lawrence's aforeisms (that's a grand dictionary word I picked out last night, and a werry good 'un it is). However, I'll give you the benefit of my experience, and after that let every man take care of himself, as the donkey said when he danced among the chickens. I'll begin with the head instead of the tail." Here he took another swig of porter. "I've always said, and still maintain, that you cant have them *too* long or too large in the head. It acts as a fine counterpoise to the hind quarters, and keeps the hanimal from rearing, which is considered dangerous. If you can buy one with a Roman nose, that is to say, with a head wot bends outwards, so much the better, for it imparts a fine, substantial, serious hair to the animal.—Some folks for the mere sake of picking holes in an oss will object to the size or shape of his head, but when I see the drift of their objections, I always says, 'Sir the oss dos'nt *go* on his head, at least he did'nt ought to do, *I know* (applause).' A long neck is, also, truly inwaluable. It saves many a fall in the field, and I need not observe that a '*forward* rider' is a man wot often rides on the neck of his oss. A *hard* rider, is one who will trot down Holborn-hill on a frosty morning. But this is another pair of shoes ('un autre chose,') as we say in France, so we'll get back to the nag. In course, the lower the oss carries his head, the better view he will have of the ground, but the ears should be long, strait, and stiff, else the 'forward rider' might chance to ride on the head, or, may be, pitch off altogether. Indeed the ears are werry important, and it has long puzzled me to make out why an osse's ears should not be as long as a hasses. Old Geoffrey Gambado, says they cannot be *too long*, for a judicious rider steers his course by fixing his eyes between them. Talking of eyes—some people make a great bother about an osses eyes, *jist* as if they have any thing to do with his action. I agrees with old Geoffrey who says that if a man choses to ride without a bridle, it may be a matter of some moment to him to have an oss with an eye or two; but if he has a bridle and also a pair of eyes of his own, it it is *par*fectly immaterial whether the oss sees or not. Indeed a blind one has this advantage over one wot sees, inasmuch as he never shies, which is considered dangerous. The mouth is matter of no moment, provided it be but 'ard enough. Many people hold on by the mouth altogether, which cannot be done effectively if the hanimal is one of your tender-lipped beasts. Some folks pretend to know an osses age by his teeth, but that is all my eye and my elbow.—At school, I remember, when a boy axed another how old he was, the answer used to be, as old as my tongue and a little older than my teeth, (applause). A good bushey mane is absolutely indispensable. This must be clear to the meanest capacity, for I take it for granted that the werry worst informed man in the 'istorical literature of his country is aware that it was the mane, and the mane alone, that kept Mr. John Gilpin from going overboard on his road to Edmonton. Oh, that I had lived in the days of Gilpin, for I feel that he was a man after my own 'art (heart). So considerate, so frugal, so every thing that a tradesman ought to be, and yet so fond of rural life, the sight of goslings, wiolets, spring chickens, and asparagras.

"He was a man for himitation, and could I but think that the name of Jorrocks would live in the grateful recollection of an admiring posterity—that children yet unborn would spread their young and generous hands, and hang in admiring raptures in their nurses' arms, while the feats of he who now addresses you are related, then, gentlemen, I care not how soon I lay me down to die, and pass into the land where all things are forgotten." (Loud and long continued cheering, and Mr. Jorrocks availed himself of the interruption to take a little more porter). "But," said he, "I'm getting sentimental, which won't do in horatory, so I'll smother my feelings for the present, and may be at a future day I shall ease my breast by discharging a hode (ode) to Gilpin. At present we'll resume the question. The stature of an oss is immaterial, but to ride pleasantly he should be higher behind than before. This circumstance will always, I think, prevent Giraffes being the fashion, for they are so high before that the rider must always feel to be receding in his progress. Still a Giraffe is a grand looking beast, and the next time my friend Nodding Homer here (turning to the Nodder) takes the field at Melton, I would adwise him to have a stud of them for the sake of being conspicuous.

"It may be prejudice, but I confess I likes an osses back wot inclines to a hog-bend. Your slack backs are werry well for carrying millers' sacks, but rely upon it there's nothing like the outward bow for making them date their jumps properly. Many men beside me remember my famous oss Star gazer. He was made in that form, and in his leaps threw an arch like the dome of St. Paul's! A long back is a grand thing 'specially for a family oss. I've seen my brother Joe clap six of his brats and his light porter on the back of the old Crockadile, as he calls him, and the old nag could have carried another if his tail had been tied up. In the 'unting field, however, one never sees more than one man on an oss at a time. *Two* dos'nt look sporting, and the world is governed too much by appearances. But on that subject more *anon*, as we say in Hebrew.

"Wind—about which so many men exhaust their breath—is not of the slightest importance to an oss, and utterly beneath a moment's thought. Citizens in general are short winded chaps, and is'nt it much pleasanter for rider and oss to be exhausted at the same moment, than for the former to be carried along—*nilley willey*—like poor Gilpin, by an inpetuous—over-bearing—long-winded prad? I say yes, and I'm sure you respond to the sentiment. Oh ye gods! 'ow often have I pictured to my too sensitive mind the agonizing terror of poor Mrs. G. on the alarming occasion—but with your permission I'll drown care." Hereupon he emptied the quart pot.

"But talking of wind," said he, again wiping the froth from his mouth with his sleeve, "this point affords choice to the lovers of wind instruments, for he may select whatever degree of blowing is most in accordance with his fancy, from the gentle whistle of a southerly breeze, up to the high blowing, bellowing, bluster of a rampaginous bull. Again, wot safety does a high blower afford on a road! Not even a Brentfort 'buss could drive against a good roarer, let the night be ever so drear and dark. And though last not least, let me tell you, that there is a sort of companionship in a high blowing oss on the road, which beguiles the tediousness of the weary way.

"Broken knees are nothing. Where let me ax is the man with the oss that he will swear will never tumble down? Besides let me tell you that an oss that has once tumbled down and sacrificed himself pretty tightly will not do so again—if he can help it. Gambado was of this opinion, and we all know that Geoffrey was up to *snuff*, and a pinch above it. Indeed, he strongly recommends a broken kneed oss, asserting that the best bit of flesh wot ever was crossed will come down one day or another. In buying, however, a broken kneed oss, always insist that he's a confirmed stumbler; in selling you should swear that your servant broke his knees against a stone wall. Remember osses *fall* with their *masters*—servants *throw* them down. I likes a small foot, whether in man, woman, or beast. I always looks at a woman's foot before I looks at her face; and if the former is bad, I gives myself no farther concarn about her. But this is irreverend to the subject. With respect to an oss, if the foot is small, it requires less iron to shoe; and if he kicks or treads upon you, in course the wound is smaller. Some folks like large feet, but there's no accounting for taste. Some like a h'apple—others a h'onion.

"There is an old saying in Spain, 'that a man wot would buy a mule without fault must not buy one at all,' and faultless 'unters are equally rare. To be sure if you believe all men tell you when they have one to sell, you will think that none but the good are parted with; but take my word for it, my jolly young garsons, as we say in France, that there is no breed of osses so large, as that of the *best in England!* Several stupid old codgers have written woluminously, and subdiwided the breeds of osses, attributing warious qualities to each, and if you were to believe all they say, a man should have at least a dozen; one sort for walking, another for trotting, a third for cantering, a fourth for galloping, a fifth for 'unting, a sixth for putting in his one oss shay, a seventh for double 'arness, and so on; but my opinion is that, barring racing (with which none of us I trust have nothing to do), that an oss is not worthy the name of an oss—is not worth a dump—no not even his wittles, that carn't do every thing but race.

"As to a full blood, or a full blooded oss, as they call's them in America, they are nothing but thin skinned ones that bleed more freely when pricked with the spur. Daddy Peters, who wrote a thick book on 'Equitation' says, that one should not buy a prad wot rests more on one leg than another, but this is all my eye, and shows sagacity in the hanimal instead of disease. If he can do with three legs wot others do with four, why should he use more than he wants—*habsurd!* The division of labor is all the go now-a-day's. Some say, don't buy an oss wot stands with one leg before another, or *pointing* as they call it. Pray let me ax did none of you ever hear of a man putting his *best* leg first, and why should an oss be debarred?—answer me that!

"Warranting an oss is werry inconwenient, 'specially when you have reason to know he's a *screw*, and it requires a good deal of management to ewade the question so as not to diminish the price. The plan I always adopt, and it's worth a Jew's eye to know, is to ridicule the idea of warranting, and say, 'Vy, really, warranting is a thing *quite* out of use, and never thought of at Tatt's. If, however, the customer sticks to the point, you should try to puzzle him by making him explain wot *he* considers a sound oss, and so lead him on till you get him bewildered with questions, and then if he still persists, put it to him as a man of honour whether he can lay his hand on his 'art and declare *himself* not only sound, but free from all impending disease; and you may throw him off his guard, if you are a ready jawbacious sort of chap, by saying, 'I'm blowed if there arn't a hectic flush on your mug at this moment that looks werry like consumption! Tatt. is werry clever at this work, and whenever a Johnny Raw axes him if he warrants an oss sound, he exclaims with astonishment, '*Warrant him sound!* Why, sir, I wouldn't *warrant* that he's an oss, let alone that he's sound.' My friend, Dick Grunt, who lisps very much, did a clever thing in this line t'other day. He sold a green-horn a broken-winded oss, and when the young 'un axed him if he warranted him sound, he said, 'Oh, in course, like all men, I warrant him sound:' whereupon the youth paid the money and dispersed for a ride. Presently he comes back with a werry long wisage, and said, 'Vy, sir, this ere oss is broken winded!' 'I knows it,' says Dick. 'Then, sir, you must take him back, and return my money, for you warranted him sound!—'*Warranted him thound* (sound), my good fellow!—no thuch (such) thing. I said I *wanted* him thound (sound)! not that I *warranted* him thound.' (Loud laughter). Old Joe Smith once had a wicious nag that would neither ride nor draw, nor indeed do any thing else. He took him to Barnet fair, where he fell in with a chap in tight nankeens and hessian boots wot wanted a buggy oss, and in course he recommended his wery strongly, and said he thought he was *jist* the nag for knocking a buggy about, whereupon the youth bought him. As Joe left the town, what should come past him like a flash of lightning but his old nag, with his head in the air, kicking and milling the splash board of a tidy yellow buggy, with a cane back, and red and green wheels, with no one in it.—Presently up came the owner on a post oss, with the traces all dangling at his heels, in a *regler* 'sky-blue' passion, and jist as he reached Old Joe, the nag charged the rails of the new mound, snapping the jimmey shafts like carrots and disappeared altogether, leaving the buggy scattered over the road. 'You rogue! you *willain!*' said the buyer, 'I'll teach you to sell such osses to family men of fortune. You're nearly been the death of Mrs. and Miss Juggles and myself! Tell me where you live you waggabone?' Now Joe, who is a fat oily little chap, as cunning as the devil, and not easily put out of his way, especially when it is his interest not to be so, let him run on until he was fairly blown, when he werry cooley observed, 'My dear sir, you are laboring under a considerable mistake. If you called to mind what I said, it was, that I considered the oss was *jist* the nag for *knocking* a buggy about, and egad,' pointing to the fragments on the road, 'I think he's proved himself so to the letter!' (Laughter and applause). I'll tell you a trick I once played myself. I had an oss which was a capital unter, and good at every thing but harness, which his soul was above.—Well, it don't suit my conwenience to keep any but wot lawyers call *qui tam* osses, that is to say, osses that will ride as well as drive; so I looked out for a customer, and presently found a softish sort of a chap, who only axed if he were quiet in harness. In course I had no hesitation in saying yes, for I had seen Binjimin put it on, when the nag never moved a muscle, but when the buyer wanted to tack a carriage *to the harness*—oh, my eyes! that was quite a different story; and my lord rebelled and kicked the *voiture* to bits. The buyer tried to return him, but I conwinced him he was wrong, at least I conwinced him that I *would not take him back.* (Loud laughter). Another chap that I knows, had jist such an oss as Joe Smith's—one of your reglar good-for-nothing beggars—and sold him to a quaker for to draw his cruelty wan, assuring him when axed if he was quiet in harness, 'that it would delight his eyes to see him draw.' Old broadbrim tried to tackle him, but he soon sent his heels through the splash board, and when he remonstrated, all the seller did was to laugh, and assure the quaker, 'that it would indeed delight his eyes to see him draw, for he never would bear a pair of shafts in his life.' These hanecdotes (anecdotes) you see are good, for they not only put you on your guard against others, but teach you how to do the trick yourselves. I'll now trot on to something else, and perhaps I car'nt do better than to say a word about money matters, seeing as how there's an old saying that 'money makes the mare go.'

"Price is the most material consideration in oss dealing. It's hard to say what should buy a parfect unter—the walue of a thing being jist wot it will bring. It's a werry fashionable custom for young gemmen hambitious of being considered givers of long prices, to get the sellers to give receipts for about double the real price, and it's universally allowed that lying's all fair in oss dealing. If a man was'nt allowed a little blandishment of language, and was obliged to speak 'the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth' about his oss, he never could get rid of a bad un. It ain't possible to lay down any thing like rules to regulate price. Mr. Nimrod says, it waries with the times, and is as much regulated by the price of wheat as the quartern loaf. Talking of Mr. Nimrod reminds me that I had a werry purlite letter from him apologizing for not being able to attend here this evening which I will read to you." The worthy gentleman then fumbled about in his breeches' pocket, and after pulling out two balls of cotton, a lump of sponge, a pocket comb, and three or four half crowns, produced the following letter, which he proceeded to read.

"'Dear Jorrocks—I regret extremely that it will not be in my power to attend your opening lecture, in Oxendon-street, to morrow evening, having just received a letter from the Editor of the N. S. M., requesting a supply of MS. forthwith. This I much regret; for though we differ a *little* in some of our opinions on the 'Chase, the Turf, and the Road," as Murray calls my new book, yet agreeing in the old saying of 'fas est ab hoste doceri' I should have been glad to attend to hear the able arguments which, I make no doubt, you will adduce in support of your positions. I hope, however, to be able to come to the next, and as I presume that the first will be duly reported in the New Sporting, I may, perhaps, have a few words to say in reply, and in the mean time wishing you health and prosperity,

And that all the good things of this whirligig life,
May descend in clothes baskets on you and your wife.

I remain, dear Jorrocks, faithfully yours,

Calais, June 1837. NIMROD."

Mr. Jorrocks resumed. "Now that's werry purlite of Mr. Nimrod and shows a good disposition, and that he arnt jealous of me; and now if any gentleman wishes to possess an undeniable hortograph of that great man's, I'll sell this, and wot's more, I'll *warrant* it genuine." Mr. J. then put the letter up to auction at five shillings, and after great competition it was finally knocked down to Jimmey Green for one pound ten and ninepence.

Mr. J. again resumed. "Nothing can more strongly exemplify the truth of my assertion that the walue of a thing is jist wot it will bring, than the sale o' that hortograph. The paper on which it is written is nearly worthless, and had not the bright idea flashed across my mind that some one of this great assembly might like to have a specimen of Nimrod's penmanship, I should have been werry glad to have taken for it wot it cost me in postage. So it is with osses.—Hopportunity is every thing. If I had taken it to the Royal Exchang, no man would have given a dump for such scrip—no, not even with Nodding Homer to puff it—and we all know he's up to a trick or two in that line. Here, where the writer is happreciated, it sells for a hat full of money! Price then, as I said before, is undefinable. No one oss can regulate the price of another, and when I come to consider"—looking at an immense great silver hunting watch, with a curb chain, and great gold seals pendant—"that I've gone an arrant burst of an hour and ten minutes without a check, by this unerring ticker of mine, and that the admission tickets are werry low, I think you will agree with me that you've had quite enough for your money. Here then we'll take a pull, but don't suppose that I stop for want of ammunition, for that's not the case. On the contrary, I've as much matter in my mind, if I can but draw it out, as will serve me to lector on till its time to begin 'unting again, when I makes no doubt I shall take the field with a *reglar* tail of rising sportsmen, who will contribute to the fame, glory, and immortality of that most renowned of all 'unts—THE SURREY!"

Mr. Jorrocks concluded amidst immense applause, and immediately retired to Tom Cribb's, in Panton-street, attended by a large party, who kept it up until half-past six the next morning, when Mrs. Jorrocks having ferreted him out, seized upon him and took him home in a hack cab.

London (New) Sporting Magazine, for July, 1837.

THE DUEL.

I was educated, said a French gentleman whom I met in quarantine, at Poitiers, though Lusignan is my native town.

Poitiers is well known to the antiquary as having possessed a Roman amphitheatre, of which, however, when I was at that university, only a vault, supposed to have been a cage for the wild beasts, remained. This cage, from the solidity of the masonry, and the enormous size of the blocks, seemed indestructible, but was not so; for when I last visited Poitiers, and asked for the key of the cavern, I found that it no longer existed, and that on the site had been constructed the inn of the "Trois Pelerins."

It is a stone's throw from the Salle d'Armes, a place with which I had been better acquainted than with the schools. To revive my ancient recollection, I entered the *salle*, and found there an inhabitant of the town whom I had known at college. He proposed that we should dine together at the "Trois Pelerins;" and after drinking as good a bottle of wine as it afforded, he related to me what a few days before, in the very room where we were sitting, had happened at a dinner of the collegians. It was ordered for twelve; but one of the party having invited a friend, the number swelled to thirteen.

It is said that superstition supplies the place of religion; I have observed this to be the case with the most sceptical of my acquaintance; and thus this number thirteen occasioned some remarks, and the stranger was looked upon with no very favorable eye, and considered as a supernumerary, who brought with him ill luck.

One of the set at last summoned resolution enough to say,

"I do not dine thirteen."

"Nor I," said another.

"Nor I," was repeated on all sides.

The guest, naturally embarrassed at this rudeness, got up, and was about to retire, when Alfonse, to whom he came as an *umbra*, proposed an ingenious expedient for doing away with the evil augury, and said,

"There is one way of annulling the proverb that threatens death in the course of the year to one of a party of thirteen; that way is, to decide which of us shall fight a duel this evening, or to-morrow morning."

"Done!" cried all the students at a breath.

"Shall it be among ourselves?" said one of them.

"No," replied the author of the proposition; "for then two of us would have to fight, whereas it ought to be the thirteenth."

"Right," said all the young men.

"Then let it be with one of the officers of the garrison."

"Be it so," said Alfonse; "we will make a pool, as usual, at the *café*, all thirteen of us; and——"

"The first out?" said the student.

"No," interrupted Alfonse, "that would be a bad omen; it shall be the winner."

"Agreed!" replied all, and they sate down to table with as much gaiety and *insouciance* as if nothing had been said.

The stranger, just as the soup was being put on the table, got up, and with a magisterial voice addressed the assembly.—"Gentlemen," said he, "I feel suddenly inspired with a sublime idea. We are about to eat and drink in the ruins of Roman greatness (alluding to the amphitheatre). Let us imitate that people in everything that is great. Nothing could be more splendid than the games of the gladiators which were celebrated over the tombs of the mighty dead,—nothing more sumptuous than the festivals held at their funerals. This is probably also a funeral fete; with this difference, that it is held before, and not after death. Let Poitiers therefore rival Rome in her magnificence; let this *cena* be in honor of the mighty remains over which we are sitting: let it be *morituro*,—sacred to him who is about to perish."

"Bravo!" exclaimed the guests, one and all; "A splendid idea, by Jove!—a splendid *cena* be it!"

"Open the windows!" cried Alfonse. The windows were opened. As soon as the soup was served, smash went all the plates into the yard, and shivered against the pavement. So, during the rest of dinner, every plate as fast as it was cleared, every bottle as soon as emptied, followed their fellows. One might perceive by the practised dexterity of this feat that it was not the first time they had played the same game.

During the first course nothing particular occurred to disturb their harmony: but it so happened that the *rôti*, which is, as you know, in France always served last, was burnt. Then there arose a general burst of indignation.

"Send the cook!" exclaimed they all to the waiters.

"Order up the cook! Here, cook! cook!" was the universal cry.

But the *chef* was not forthcoming.

Alfonse, the president, then said, "Must I go myself and fetch him?"

This menace had its effect. The *pauvre chef*, pale as death, and cotton cap in hand, crawled into the room. He was greeted with deafening shouts.

"Come here!" said Alfonse. "Do you take us for the officers? What do you mean by serving us in this manner—eh?"

The man of the spit stammered out an apology. Alfonse looked at him askance.

"If I served you right," said he, "I should make you eat this detestable *rôti* of yours; but as it is the first time of happening, my chastisement shall be a paternal one. Hold out your cotton cap."

The *chef* obeyed, and Alfonse turned out of a dish into it an enormous clouted cream (*omelet souffle*), and said,

"Come, now, on with the cap, and see you don't first spill a drop."

He was forced to comply; and the unhappy Ude (*udus*), his face and white jacket streaming with the contents of the *plat*, was followed out of the room with hisses and bursts of laughter.

Thus went on the dinner, and with it a concert of broken plates, dishes, glasses, and bottles, accompanied by noises of all sorts, which rose to *fortissimo* as the wine, of which they drank to excess, got into their heads.

The dessert, which succeeded the second course, was ended by what they called a salad. This salad was thus mixed:—They turned up the four corners of the table-cloth, and rolled therein all the fragments that were left. At this juncture the waiters disappeared, conjecturing shrewdly that if they stayed any longer the feast might be too grand for them. In short, when all that remained of the dessert was bundled well up, the collegians got on the table, and at the risk of cutting their feet with the fragments of the crockery, and the splinters of the glass, danced thereon, till everything was pounded, smashed, and broken. Then the table-cloth, with all it contained, (the salad,) was thrown out of the window; after it the table, then the chairs, then the rest of the furniture, and when there was nothing more to destroy, the frenzied youths thought they could do no better than throw themselves out; and all the thirteen "followed the leader," Alfonse, and jumped from the first floor into the court.

There is a saying, that over drunkards watches an especial Providence. But there are, it seems, two; for the students on this occasion found one of their own, which doubtless befriended them in this mad leap. Certain [illegible] is that none of the party met with the slightest accident, and, gloriously drunk, they rushed out into the street, after the most remarkable orgie that had taken place for some time at Poitiers.

They made a brilliant *entree* into the *cafe*,—a general place of rendezvous for the students and officers when they were not at daggers drawn.

Two of the latter were playing at billiards when they entered. But Alfonse, without waiting till the game was ended, asked, or rather demanded, in an authoritative tone, that the table should be given up for a single pool to the thirteen.

Thinking that the object was, as usual, to decide who should pay for the dinner, or the *demi-tasse et chasse*, the players did not seem inclined to comply with this requisition; but when they learnt that a more momentous affair, a duel, was on foot, they hastened to lay down their cues. A duel! everything must yield to that!

There were but few military men present, for that very day there was a *soiree* at the general commandant's of the garrison; and those few consisted of veterans, who preferred passing the evening at the *cafe* to putting on silk stockings and shoes, or of *chenapans*, who in the regiment went by the name of *crans*, or *bourreaux des cranes*. The old *grognards*, however, did not quit the room. The *chenapans* interchanged glances with each other; and one or two of the sub-lieutenants, who had come to take their *demi-tasse* before they went to the ball, also remained. They had all more or less formed a shrewd guess of what was to happen; and, for the honor of the service, waited for the quarrel to break out.

In our schools and garrisons at Paris we are totally unacquainted with that *esprit de corps* which engages a whole regiment, and an entire body of young men, in a duel when two only are concerned; nor can we form a notion how slight a thing a duel is considered when it is the custom to decide all questions sword in hand. Habit is all in all; and people soon learn to think no more of fighting than going to breakfast.

It becomes a general endemic; and a person who, lost in the world of Paris, where he is unknown, might hesitate about demanding satisfaction for an insult however gross, would, in that atmosphere, be ready any day, or hour of the day, to call a man out for merely looking at him.

The pool was begun. Never did a party, when a large sum of money depended on the issue of the game, play with more care and caution than those thirteen to decide which of them was to fight. By degrees the players lost their three lives, and the number was at last reduced to two; these two were the stranger guest and Alfonse. The lookers-on watched anxiously every stroke. Those that as they rolled carried with them the fate of a man, were followed by earnest looks. The officers came nearer and nearer, and ranged themselves round the billiard. They were not a little interested to know whether they, or rather one of them,—which they knew not,—was to enter the lists with a freshman, no doubt unpractised in fencing, or with the most adroit and terrible duellist of the university.

The chances were against them. The stranger lost.

A singular excitement was occasioned by the disappearance of the last ball in the pocket. Some faces grew pale; but no one stirred from the spot where he had been standing as a spectator. Alfonse looked steadily round him, and made two or three times the circuit of the room, as though he were in search, but in vain, of some one worth quarrelling with. At last he perceived a sort of sub-lieutenant, originally drum-major and *maître-d'armes*, and who boasted of having killed his thirty pequins, sitting quietly in a corner. Alfonse walked straight up to him, and saluting him with a politeness that electrified the company, said, in his cool way,

"Monsieur, I am exceedingly distressed at the situation in which I find myself placed; but my honor is concerned, and you will allow me to engage yours." Without further preliminaries, he gave him a severe hit in the face.

The officer, who little expected so abrupt and unanswerable a mode of provocation, sprang like a madman from his chair; and had not Alfonse, with the activity and nimbleness of a cat, leaped with one bound on the table, the ex-drum-major would probably have strangled him on the spot.

He was quickly at the aggressor's heels, when his own comrades stopped him of their own accord, saying,

"Come, come! no child's play or boxing! the thing is too serious! *C'est un combat à la mort!*"

"Where shall I find you to-morrow?" said one of the officers, addressing Alfonse.

"Fix your ground," was the reply.

"No to-morrows!" said the officer who had received the blow; "this instant!"

"This instant be it, if you please," replied Alfonse with the utmost indifference.

"I shall not sleep to-night till that blow is avenged!" said the other foaming with rage.

"I, too, want to unnumb my hand. I have hurt my knuckles against your cheek-bones," said Alfonse.

"Where would they fight at such a time of night as this?" observed some of the officers.

"In the garden behind the *café*," cried the ancient *maître d'armes*; "a sword in one hand, and a billiard-lamp in the other."

"But," said Alfonse, "I am tired. I know your style of fighting men, *Crane*; you want me to break ground, and drive me step by step round the garden. Don't think it, my lad. Besides, the lamp may go out. But if you have no objection, the billiard-table will be a good arena. We shall be well lighted, and there will be no means of drawing back a foot."

"Be it so," said the other.

The doors were closed, and they laid hands on the waiters and the proprietor of the *cafe*, who were going to the police. The swords were then brought. The two adversaries cast lots for them, and then pulled off their coats and waistcoats, and unbuttoned their shirts, to show that they had nothing under.

Both then took their swords.

The officer wrapt round his hand a handkerchief, leaving both ends dangling. Alfonse neglected this practice, the object of which was to distract the attention of the adversary by the perpetual flutter of their two white points, thus to turn away his attention from the sword. But Alfonse had a manner of fighting of his own, and cared little for these petty proceedings. He never looked at the steel; but fixing his eye on that of his antagonist, anticipated every motion that he made.

The two wrestlers, or gladiators I might say, got on the table together, and according to the terms or conditions agreed on between the students and the officers, rested their swords on the toes of their boots. A traveller from a commercial house who happened to be present, and could have no interest in the scene other than what its novelty excited, was fixed on to clap his hands three times, and at the third the swords were upraised in the air, and the two combatants came to guard.

A terrible silence reigned through the room, and for some seconds it was only broken by the clashing of the steel; for both parties, as they skirmished, were well aware that a single *faux pas* was death. The slightest stepping back, shrinking of the body, or leaping on one side, must inevitably prove fatal.

The officer was a head and shoulders taller than Alfonse, and looked as though he could crush him; but he little heeded this advantage, if advantage it was, for he by degrees lowered his body till he was right under the sword of his foe, and almost bent himself down upon the bed of the table. No other change in his attitude then took place.

All at once the officer, taking this posture for the effect of fear, made a furious lunge, which was parried with the greatest *sang froid* and skill, and Alfonse allowed the officer to return to his ground without attempting to return it. His adversary was deceived by this sort of timid defence, and, become more adventurous, attacked him again with increased fury,—so much so, that, thrown off his guard, his left foot quitted the cushion of the table against which it had been fixed. Then it was that Alfonse made a rapid lunge at the officer's face. He endeavored to regain the ground he had lost to resume his position. The student would not give him time, and charged with impetuosity his disconcerted enemy, who could only avoid his thrusts by keeping his body bent backwards. Alfonse forced him to the edge of the table, when his foot tripped, and at that moment drove the sword up to the hilt in his heart.

The unhappy officer cried out "Hit! hit!" Then he raised himself to his full height, and fell backwards from the top of the table to the floor.

Awful was the sound that the weight of that body made upon the boards of the room! There was mixed up with it a feeling—a dread lest the dead man should hurt himself in falling. Never did I see, for I was present, so dreadful a contest! Never did I experience anything so frightful as the silence of those two men,—as the flashing of their swords by the light of the lamps,—as the fall of the vanquished, who, disappearing behind the table, seemed at once to have been engulfed in a tomb that opened from behind to receive him!

Bentley's Miscellany for July, edited by "Boz."

By the following scraps, clipped from some of our exchange papers, it will be seen that the present King of France and the late King of England had each the honour of being *kicked* by a Republican foot. We cannot say whether the men are alive or not who did the valorous deed.

Anecdote of King William IV.—The Editor of the Exeter News Letter furnishes the following anecdote in relation to the late King of Great Britain:—

"While in the navy he visited Boston, and called on a barber to cultivate his beard and his whiskers. The barber's buxom wife was in attendance, and Billy took the liberty, after being dressed, of snatching a kiss, saying, 'Now, Madam, you may tell the Yankees that you have had the honour of being saluted by royal lips.' The husband, not being particularly ambitious of such a family distinction, waited on Billy to the door, and suiting the action to the word, said, 'and you, Sir, may go home to your father, and tell him that you have had the honour of being kicked by a Yankee barker."

Comfort for Pedagogues.—Louis Philippe, the *unassassinated* King of the French, taught a country school, some twenty years ago, at Haddonfield, near Camden, New Jersey; and

A Lesson for Kings.—King Louis Philippe had his "seat of honour" well kicked in the year of our Lord 1817, by an American landlord, at Winchester.

THE SPIRIT OF THE TIMES.

NEW-YORK: SATURDAY MORNING, AUGUST 26, 1837.

ON DITS IN SPORTING CIRCLES.

A gentleman writes from Macon, Ga., that five thousand dollars have been refused for Col. SANFORD's Hedgford colt. This horse has some very promising stock in Virginia, now in training. He is to stand in Kentucky next season.

The best illustration of the general interest felt in Kentucky relative to the improvement of the breed of horses, is the fact that there are in that State not less than *Seventeen Hundred Brood Mares*, more than a thousand of which are thorough-bred, comprising some of the choicest blood in the country. No State in the Union is more heartily engaged in support of the turf, or doing more to sustain its usefulness and character. A new course is talked of at Lexington, and several others in the more recently settled sections of the State; the immense capital already invested in blooded stock is rapidly increasing, and in a few years Kentucky will become emphatically "the race horse region," notwithstanding the well directed efforts making by her sister States to merit that enviable distinction.

DUKE W. SUMNER, of Nashville, Tenn., has sold his ch. c. *Pactolus*, by Pacific, out of Mary Vaughan, by Pacolet, to ELI ABBOTT, Esq., of Columbus, Miss., for $2000. Mr. Sumner is the owner of "the great *Pacific*," and has a lot of young things at his breeding establishment that are "good for sore eyes."

Maj. HERRING has sold his gr. f. *Forest Maid*, by Pacific, out of Sumner's old Matilda, for $1500, to P. C. BUSH, of Newport, Ky.

The Secretary of the Niagara Falls Club has requested us to state that the notification of their "annual Fall meeting on the 4th Wednesday, 23d Aug.," was unauthorized, no such meeting having been contemplated. We are further desired to state, that the race track at Niagara Falls belongs not to Messrs. Dickson & Co., but to the "City of the Falls Company," and was granted to the Stewards of the late meeting by Lieut. Gen. MURRAY, one of the company, and the present occupant of the ground. The entire direction of the races was vested in the Stewards, and we are pleased to remark they gave general satisfaction.

Matches in Louisiana—A match, Two mile heats, for $1000 aside, has been concluded, and will come off over the New Iberia Course ten days previous to the annual meeting of the Opelousas Jockey Club, between

Dr. James Smith's b. m. by Medley, out of Sally Smith, and
John F. Miller's b. f. *Lady of the Lake*, by Henry, dam by Dare Devil.

A match, for $600 aside, $100 ft., Two mile heats, has been concluded between the same parties, to come off over the Franklin Course, ten days previous to the match detailed above.

Dr. James Smith names b. m. by Medley, out of Sally Smith.
John F. Miller names a sorrel filly, by Crusader.

HENRY A. TAYLOE, Esq., of Greensboro', Ala., (formerly of Va.) has advertised a fine string of horses for sale on Thursday, the 26th of Oct., the Jockey Club day, at the Henry Course, near Greensborough. If application is made to him at Macon, Marengo County, previous to the sale, Mr. T. will dispose of his stock at private sale.

The Upper Marlboro' (Md.) Jockey Club races commence on the 4th Tuesday, 26th Sept., and continue four days. On the second day will come off a match between

Col. D. Craufurd's b. c. *Bartlett*, by Ajax .... } 3 yrs. old.
John B. Brooke's b. c. *Ægeon*, by Astyanax .... } $100 aside.

It will be remembered that a week or two since we inserted a communication from Upper Marlboro', containing a request that we should publish a notice (the regular advertisement,) of their races in this paper, which we declined without "the aforesaid" was forthcoming. The last number of the *Marlboro' Gazette* copies our article, communication and all, under the caption annexed:—

The races to "come off" in September next over the Marlboro' Course, bid fair to afford to the friends of the Turf their usual quantum of sport. The "New York Spirit of the Times," which is, by the bye, one of the very best sporting papers in the country, edited by W. T. P.—[we omit the remainder of the sentence]—contains the following letter from hereabouts in relation to the Fall Meeting. Our contemporary's joke about the "notice" will no doubt be taken in good part by our friend "Fun and Frolic," and should Mr. Porter chance to visit our course, no one will be more happy to see him than his correspondent, who after the Fun of the course is over, would drown the recollection of the "notice" in a bumper to the success of the "pleasant Spirit of the Times."

It would give us great pleasure to join our correspondent and Upper Marlboro' friends at their meeting, and we will one of these days, after we have "*weaned*" the "Spirit," which would be mighty apt to fall into the fire should we leave it at present, with nobody to "say its prayers" or "tuck it up" o' nights. "Bringing up" a family of roystering boys and romping girls is a fool to it. In the meantime, we can only heartily reciprocate the invitation and good feeling of our Maryland friends.

HORSES.—The fall in the price of horses, in connexion with the general reverse of business, has been very great. Spans which last year, for the sake of taste and style, would have brought $500 or $600, will not now command more than half the money. One superb span, for which early in the Spring $1000 was offered, have been recently sold for $500. The range of prices for single horses, on the calculation of useful wear, is from $50 to $125 each, being rather better, when compared with last wear, than in the case of fancy spans. The raising of horses and sheep has in some parts of our country run far ahead of daries and beef. Times of Thursday.

Horses may be purchased at the weekly sales at Tattersall's in Broadway for from $28 to $100. Of a large number of superior horses employed upon the Newark Rail Road, sound and kind in harness, $63 was the highest price any one brought, and several sold for a less sum than $35.

QUARTER RACE AT VICKSBURG.

We reported some time since a quarter race that came off at Vicksburg, Miss., on the 29th of April last, attended with singular circumstances, the particulars of which are now furnished us by one of the spectators.

The race was for $3000 a-side, 1000 yards, carrying catch weights, between Judge PINCKHARD's ch. g. *D. Hardiman*, by Arabian Bagdad, and the well known Kentucky quarter horse, *Bob Collins*, a fine b. g., owned by Messrs. CLAIBORNE, PRENTICE & HURST. The horses appeared on the track in fine order. At the word "*go*," they went off with a rush, and the same instant the bridle bit of Hardiman parted. His rider, however, clinched hold of his mane and away they went, Bob Collins leading, while Hardiman was running like a wild horse in the woods, without a bridle, except that he had his rider, who, like another Mazeppa, had nothing to support himself on his horse; still, on they went, the friends of Bob shouting at the success they anticipated, while Hardiman's friends were lamenting to see him blundering and struggling in pursuit of his opponent; still on Bob goes, and now has reached the back stretch—all anxious expectation—still as death—when lo! a voice is heard—see that, see that! and next a hundred tongues—he's coming! he's up! he's ahead! hurra, hurra! and so it was; the pace and the distance had told upon Bob, he was over-marked, uncollected and quite abroad in his stride, and in the language of the stables, the flying Bob Collins was all at once converted into a spread eagle. Hardiman won the race by two or theee lengths, and after passing the stand turned of his own accord, and walked gently back to the Judges, where his rider dismounted, monstrously frightened, but not a bit hurt, amidst tremendous cheers. The winner was trained by David P. Palmer, formerly of this city.

Underneath the caption of "*Races and Matches to Come*," on the last page, several new announcements will be seen this week. The Sporting world will be all alive in the course of a few weeks. There is great note of preparation for the ensuing Fall campaign from New-York to the jumping-off place at the Far West. The following new announcements are among those referred to of the time when their Fall meetings, will commence:—Newbury C. H., S. C.—Little Rock, Arks.—Tree Hill, Va.—Nashville, Tenn.—Fayette, Mo.—Jackson, Tenn.—Liberty, Va.—Louisville, Ky.—Laurenceville, Fredericsburg, Broad Rock, etc., in Va. and several others.

The Sandwich tiger was shot on Monday morning by a teamster, who met him in the road, and had a loaded gun in his wagon. The tiger, however, happens to be a wolf, and no great affair after all, weighing only 75 lbs. But the teamster did a good business, he will receive the reward of $85 offered by the town, and $15 State bounty, in addition to $20 for which he sold the crittur to a speculator.

ZOLOE, O'KELLY, HAMMOND, AND PALMER.

POUGHKEEPSIE, (N. Y.) Aug. 19th, 1837.

DEAR P.—I see in your paper of July 29th a letter from Mr. HAMMOND, or rather his friend "O'Kelly," to "Zoloe" of Kentucky, from which it would seem Hammond designates your humble servant as the veritable "Zoloe," which is not the fact. I know little about "Zoloe;" his letters certainly have been written under no influence of mine, as I generally do my own writing, as "N." says, in a rough shod way. Hammond's suspicion of the authorship of Zoloe's letters are entirely unfounded, but from the use he makes of his pen, I should judge "Zoloe" was hard to beat at anything he undertakes.

Supposing *Hickory John's* feet were sore, as Hammond states, and the horse sadly amiss, his race at Macon was a better one than he has made since he took charge of him, and if he remains in his hands, I think $200 he never makes a better one. I esteem Hickory John as a race horse of the first order, but your correspondent "O'Kelly" must think it a matter of doubt with the public, or he would not so frequently attempt to impress such a belief upon your readers. Hammond invites "Zoloe" to come out and offer Hickory John a race with some of his "Kentucky cracks;" now as much as I think of Hickory John, and as little as H. values my opinions, he had better take my advice for once, and choose a softer place for his horse than meeting *Big John*.

Among Hammond's list of apologies, he says *Robin Hood* was lame before Col. CROWELL bought him. He was in my hands at the time, and lame as he was, he ran his mile in 1:46, (one minute forty-six seconds,) under a hard pull, and the next day won a two mile race in 3:49 each heat, beating a strong field of the best two mile horses at the North.

As regards *Rodolph*, he will not be trained by me, but Hammond can have his bet, and I will go him $50 better, if he likes, as regards my winnings on the turf, and my reputation as a trainer, leaving the public to judge.

Truly your friend, D. P. PALMER.

THE NATIONAL JOCKEY CLUB.

WASHINGTON CITY, Aug. 18th, 1837.

MY DEAR P.—Congress will be assembled here during our next Fall races, which event has not occurred since the year 1814, immediately after the burning of the Capitol. We had on that occasion the best 4 mile race that ever was run over our track—four heats, the two last being taken by Mr. LUFFBOROUGH's celebrated mare *Columbia*. This same gentleman is yet an ornament to the turf, and will bring out this Fall a Rob Roy colt of the greatest promise; he was up in training last Spring, but fell lame a few days before the races. He was trained by HOPE BUTLER, who told me that he had great confidence in the colt, and gave a wink which promised more than he said out of his mouth.

I am fearful, however, that there will be rather a failure in our races here at the approaching season. Mr. GARRISON, the proprietor of the course, lives away down at Norfolk, which I think puts it out of his power to make that active and thorough preparation which the racing interest here requires. It should not be forgotten that many of the Members of Congress are famous and ardent friends of the turf, and something out of the usual routine of affairs should now be done to bring out these honorable friends in their whole strength. A man of judgment would avail himself of the occasion, so that it be turned to good account. Nothing would go further to promote the object than a match race between two of the celebrated nags now ready for the work. A thing of that nature would be truly attractive, and it would be well enough for you to give Mr. Garrison a gentle hint. If a match could not be made, perhaps such an increase of the Club purses could be effected, as would concentrate North, South, and West here, to test the powers of the horse, as well as of the eloquence of man. The time of the meeting could be so altered, if necessary, as to suit the convenience of all interested. We are amazingly anxious here to take a peep at your STEVENS', your TILLOTSONS, STOCKTONS, and IRVINES, and they may fling in their LAIRDS, VAN LEERS, VAN MATERS, &c. We wish to see how they do the thing when in full earnest. The four mile purse should not be less than $1500, but $2000 if possible, and a proportionate increase of the other purses for two and three mile heats. An effort here, and in a few other places, would effect the object readily; and friend Garrison, by entirely enclosing his track, so as to exclude intruders, would find all sorts of an income from the gate. Besides, his old friend LETOWRNO could well afford to throw in a penny, as his tavern bar and table would tell secrets that would do him good for the balance of his life. Can't you throw in a few words yourself in aid of the object? and only promise that we shall have your company on the occasion, and we shall all be safe. Rub down *Dosoris*, *African*, and *Mingo*, and bring them on to make the corn-stalk region open their eyes. Say you will, and ARTHUR TAYLOR's heart will beat like a drum, while the "*Napoleon*" will give his *old slouched white* such a cant as it has not had lately.

I am certain great success would attend such an effort as I have mentioned. I recollect in the year 1822, when *Eclipse* and *Sir Charles* made their run, that the crowd of carriages and horsemen upon the field was prodigious; and under what disadvantages, too. At that time the racing interest had almost entirely gone down, and for several days before the race, it was publicly announced that Charles was lame, and that there would be no race! Yet the people poured in from all quarters, and such was the crowd upon the field, that the owners of Charles, after paying his forfeit, made up $1500, which they bet upon a single four mile heat, in order that the people should not be disappointed entirely of a race. At that time, too, there was no enclosure around the track but a common country fence, which presented no obstacle to those who wished to see the race without paying anything at the gate. That interest was all to see a single race. What are we to infer from all this but that a proper effort now upon the "National Course" would secure a certain and hearty national support.

In my opinion it is one of the most favorable opportunities that has ever occurred in this country for the encouragement of racing and its whole interests. Will it be improved? It is entirely for Mr. Garrison to determine.

VERBUM SAP.

☞ It is with feelings of extreme regret that we announce the death of Capt. WM. S. MAITLAND, of the 3d Regt. of U. S. Artillery. He had just obtained leave to visit his friends at the North, after serving during the whole Florida campaign, and after suffering severely from a wound received during the battle of Mahoo Swamp, and from which he had not yet recovered. In this state of illness he took passage on board the steamer John McLane, and as that vessel was getting under weigh, in a sudden temporary fit of derangement, he threw himself from the stern of the boat and was drowned.

This amiable and gallant officer was brevetted last summer for his distinguished conduct in the battle where he was wounded, and has always sustained the character of a pure-minded, honorable, and efficient officer.

The New York Spirit of the Times, out of pure envy of our big ship, has permitted *Samivel Veller* to indite the following lines, which if it be *poetry* all will agree that Sam had better stick to prose. We insert it, however, as a sample of what they "can do *just now*" in New York.

Philadelphia Daily Herald and Sentinel.

No you don't! The sublime exclamation of "*They're got her!*" was uttered in Penn's great city, and a great pen of Baltimore it was that *did it* into immortal verse, "as a sample of what they *can* do just now in Philadelphia." As Sam Slick would say, the Pennsylvania takes the rag off creation, but "They've got her" is "actilly equal to cash!"

The Editors of the following papers are respectfully informed that through some hocus pocus, they are not received regularly, arriving here frequently in a bunch of a dozen, like a string of Weathersfield onions:—

The Register, Vicksburg, Miss.	State Journal, Indianapolis, Ind.
Daily Advertiser, Detroit, Mich.	Argus, Frankfort, Ky.
Daily Herald, Cleveland, Ohio.	Journal, Columbus, Ohio.
True American, New Orleans.	Courier, Natchez, Miss.

A Balloon Ascension is to be made by LAURIAT, from the Thatched Cottage Garden, Jersey City, on Monday next, at 5 o'clock.

The tiger which haunts Sandwich woods is described to us by those who have seen him as being about three feet in height, and six in length, with a countenance and courage no ways indicative of humility, gentleness, or even uncommon honesty. Is [illegible] a wonder then that the Pocassett *boys* ran like good fellows when they saw him? Barnstable Patriot.

"The Pocassett boys" referred to in the preceding paragraph, were *five*, who went out armed cap-a-pie, determined to bring the tiger in dead or alive; but coming upon him suddenly, they were seized with panic fear, and fled "full chisel" to tell the folks "they had seen him." Boston Trans.

THREE RIVERS (L. C.) ANNUAL RACES,

Commenced on the 10th instant; the Montreal Herald furnishes the report annexed, to which we have made such additions as our correspondents have enabled us.

THURSDAY, Aug. 10, 1837.—*The Queen's Plate of Fifty Guineas*, a Gift from her Majesty. Entrance $5—heats, two miles and a distance—open to all horses bred in the Province of Lower Canada, that never won match, plate, nor sweepstakes. Weights—3 yr. olds, 8st. 2lb.—4, 9st. 3lb.—5, 9st. 9lb.—6 and aged, 10st.

Lieut. Vivyan's, A.D.C., b. g. *Shillelah*, aged	Bill Abner.	1	1
Mr. Kauntz's b. c. *Bela Badger*, by Brilliant, dam by Cox's Arabian, 4 yrs		2	2
Mr. Sharpe's b. m. *Bourdon Lass*, by Sir Walter, aged		3	3
A. P. Hart's b. h. *Young Diamond*, by Brilliant, out of Matilda, by Sir Walter		bolt.	

This was a very poor race—the time exceedingly slow. In the first heat both Young Diamond and Bourdon Lass bolted; the former throwing his rider and losing the heat at the moment when he had every appearance of gaining it. The mare, however, by the good riding of Mr. Sharp, was brought on the course and made up her distance in a style which showed that in fair running she could easily beat the winner. The breeding of Shillelah having been challenged, the purse has been reserved, giving his owner thirty days to prove where he was bred.

SAME DAY—*Second Race.*—The *St. Maurice Stakes* of $40, open to all, ent. $5; heats, once round and a distance. Weights—3 yr. olds, 7st. 7lb.—4, 9st. 3lb.—5, 9st. 9lb.—6 and aged, 10st.

Mr. Kelsey's s. h. *Pyrrhus*, 4 yrs	1	dis
Mr. Richard's b. m. *Childers*, aged	2	

After a splendid contest for the first heat, the horse having run inside of two of the posts, was declared distanced.

SAME DAY—*Third Race.*—The *Ladies Purse* of $50, open to all horses, *bona fide* the property of gentlemen of Lower Canada, on or before the 1st of May last; ent. $10; heats, one mile and a distance; gentlemen riders; weights, 10st.

Mr. Richard's b. h. *Waverley*, 16 yrs	Mr. Judah.	4	1	1
Mr. Weir's (32d Regt.) b. h. *Shamrock*, aged	Owner	2	3	2
Mr. A. P. Hart's ch. h. *Walterson*, aged	Owner	3	4	3
Mr. Jocelyn's b. h. Imp. *Negociator*, 5 yrs	Owner	1	2	4
Mr. Delisle's b. m. *Nora Crena*, aged		5	dr	

A beautiful race. In the first heat, each horse, except Waverley, lapped the imported horse, who won by half a length; Walterson making making a capital third, Nora Crena and Waverley merely saving their distance.

Second Heat.—The mare being drawn, the heat was contested by Waverley and Negotiator, and won by a length, Shamrock and Walterson laying back for the third heat.

Third Heat.—One of the best races we have ever seen. Walterson, although lame from the first heat, came up to the starting post with the rest, and at the word, away went Waverley with Negotiator, (now rode by Mr. Delisle,) Shamrock close behind and Walterson trailing. Matters lasted thus for a quarter of a mile, when Walterson crept up, and challenging Shamrock, a brush brought them up to Waverly and Negotiator, and for nearly half a mile the race was beautiful, all four lying close together; on the turn, however, Waverley broke away about a length forward by Negotiator and took the heat, Shamrock beating Walterson by a neck.

FRIDAY, Aug. 11.—The *Three Rivers Stakes* of 40*l.*, open to all horses; ent. 5*l.*; heats, two miles and a distance; weights, 3 yr. olds, 8st. 2lb.—4, 9st. 3lb.—6 and aged, 10st.

Mr. Kelsey's s. h. *Pyrrhus*, 5 yrs., pink and blue, yellow cap	1	1
Mr. A. Richard's ch. g. *Waverley*, aged, pink and blue, cap the same	2	2

This race, although a tough contest, terminated in favor of the young horse—a beautiful animal. The horse performed admirably.—Time—1st heat, 4:05; 2d heat, 4:08.

SAME DAY—*Second Race.*—The *Produce Stakes* of 12*l.*, open to all horses bred in the District of Three Rivers, that never won a match, plate, or Sweepstakes; ent. $5; heats, one mile and a distance. Weights, 3 yr. olds, 8st. 2lb.—4, 9st. 3lb.—5, 9st. 9lb.—6, 9st. 12lb. aged, 10st.

Mr. Delisle's ch. m. *Nora Crena*, aged; green	1	1
Mr. Brehaut's b. m. *Ginger*, aged	2	2
Mr. Perkin's ch. g. *Nicolet*, 5 yrs	3	3

Won easily.

SAME DAY—*Third Race.*—The *Farmers' Purse* of $——, to be run for by Canadian agricultural horses, bred in the district of Three Rivers; heats, one mile and a distance.

Afforded great sport—nine horses entered.

SAME DAY—*Fourth Race.*—The *Beaten Plate*, ent. $5, to which the Stewards add $—; open to all horses beaten at the meeting; heats, one mile and a distance; weights to be handicapped by the Stewards.

Mr. Jocelyn's b. h. *Negociator*	Sharp.	1	1	1
Mr. Weir's b. g. *Shamrock*		2	2	2

A good race, but won easily by Negotiator.

This ended the meeting, and upon the whole the sport was extremely good. We cannot terminate, however, without repeating, that though the plate given by our Sovereign has been twice contended for on the Three Rivers Course, no horse has as yet been entered for that race by a resident of Three Rivers.

COLUMBUS (Miss.) SPRING RACES

Commenced over the *Hyde Park Course* on the 8th May, but by an omission of the Secretary of the Club, we have hitherto been unable to furnish a full report. They were well attended and went off with eclat.

MONDAY, May 8, 1837.—Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, colts 86lbs., fillies 83lbs. Five subs. at $200 each, h. ft. Mile heats.

Mr. Nichol's s. f. *Virginia*, by Platoff, dam by Hephestion	1	1
V. Johnson's s. c. *Oseola*, by Wild Bill, dam by Timoleon	2	dis
Mr. Sutherland's bl. c. *Blackstreak*, by Waxy, dam by Bertrand	3	dis
N. J. Fallis' s. g. by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Bertrand	dis	
B. Davidson's b. f. by Star, dam by Alfred	pd. ft	

Time, 1:56 each heat.

TUESDAY, May 9.—Purse $500, ent. $50, free for all ages, 3 yr. olds carrying 86lbs.—4, 100—5, 110—6, 118—and aged, 124lbs., with the usual deduction of 3lbs. to m.'s and g.'s. Two mile heats.

F. Henry's s. h. *Hugh L. White*, by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Conqueror, 4 yrs	1	1
A. Webster's b. g. *Buck*, by Pacific, aged	2	dr
B. Davidson's s. f. by Sir Charles, dam by Alfred, 4 yrs	3	dis

Time not given; no contest.

WEDNESDAY, May 10.—Purse $700, free for all; weights as before. Three mile heats.

Eli Abbott's b. m. *Hortense*, by Pacific, out of Bett Bossley, by Little Wonder, 5 yrs	R. Adams.	1	1
F. Henry's b. m. *Lilac*, by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Sir Archie, 5 yrs	Wm. Argo	2	2

Time, 5:56—2d heat not kept. Won easily.

THURSDAY, May 11.—Purse $1000, free for all; weights as before. Four mile heats.

Col. Vance Johnson's s. h. *Scarlet*, by Waxy, dam by Tiger, 5 yrs	Eli Ohanin.	1	1
Eli Abbott's b. m. *Betsey Malone*,* by Stockholder, d. by Potomac, aged	R. Adams	2	2
Wm. A. Verell's gr. c. *John Anderson-my-Joe*, by Pacific, dam by Ball's Florizel, 4 yrs	Wm. Argo.	3	3

Time, 7:56—8:18. * The Secretary gives her pedigree thus:—by Leviathan, dam by Stockholder, 4 yrs.; if he refers to the Betsey Malone so distinguished while in the hands of Mr. JAS. JACKSON, of Ala., this pedigree is incorrect.

THE RACE.—The three were brought to the stand, and at the tap of the drum went off, Scarlet leading, John close on his heels, and Betsey some 70 or 80 yards behind, owing to her start. She was pulled around by her trainer, just as the drum was tapped, he thinking it was not a fair start, did not let her go till ordered by the judges. John and Scarlet occasionally passed each other for the first three miles; Betsey in hand, but very well up, having made the gap in a great measure occasioned by the start. In the 4th mile of the first heat John had the track and the lead, doing the business like a racer as he is; but when about half a mile from home, he seemed to think it uncourteous to be throwing dust in his followers faces—stopped short and refused to run another foot, to the mortification of his spirited owner, rider and friends. We know he is a four miler of the first order, and we hope Mr. Verell will yet suffer him to remain on the Turf, as we think with perseverance and experience in training he may yet be made to run kindly. After he gave it up, Betsey made a brush and run in a neck for the heat. This heat was very hardly contested, being made in excellent time, and caused as much excitement as we have ever seen on any similar occasion. They both cooled off well; but it was evident to the experienced that the mare was the more distressed, probably owing to her condition, for we know her to be a good one. They got off well the 2d heat, but it soon became evident that with her it was no go.

FRIDAY, May 12.—Purse $300, ent. $30, free for all, except winners of previous days; wts. as before. Mile heats, best 3 in 5.

F. Henry's gr. f. *Mary Queen of Scotts*, by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Pacolet, 4 yrs	1	1
Mr. Nichol's s. f. *Virginia*, by Platoff, dam by Hephestion, 3 yrs	2	2
Dr. Slade's b. h. by Sir Charles, dam by Cripple, 5 yrs	3	dis

Time not given.

SATURDAY, May 13.—Purse $200, ent. $20; Handicap race; Mile heats.

F. Henry's b. m. *Lilac*, pedigree above	walked over.

Thus closed the week's sport, except lots of short races affording a great deal of fun. The track was numerously attended every day, yielding quite a harvest to the deserving Proprietors, who have spared no pains in having everything in the neatest, most comfortable, and convenient style. Having erected a splendid Pavilion with a private parlor for ladies, which was graced by a large number of the elite of fashion, on two days of the week, giving enhanced zest to the sport, and evincing by their countenances and enchanting smiles, their gratification and entire approbation of every thing around them.

We have made up the foregoing report from one published by the Secretary in the Columbus Democrat, which we are assured is incorrect in various particulars. At the expressed wish of the principal officer of the Club we have taken the trouble to supply omissions and arrange the matter in ship shape.

The Rev. Mr. Elliot observes as follows relative to fattening swine:—"I find by experience the best time to fatten swine is to begin at the first of August, if you have old corn. Hogs will fatten *slowly* in cold weather; they will eat much and fatten but little; if you make a very warm house, they heat in bed, and catch cold when they come out into cold air."

CLEVELAND (Ohio) RACES.

On the day previous to the regular meeting, came off a trotting and racking race, resulting as follows :—

MONDAY, Aug. 7, 1837.—*Trotting* Purse $75, ent. $7,50. Mile heats.

Charles Tracy's s. m. *Clara Fisher*, 6 yrs	1
Wm. Brunton's br. h. *Stranger*, 6 yrs	dis.
Mr Martin's gr. g. *Daniel Webster*, aged	dis.
N. Davis' ch. g. *Cripple*	dis.
J. Adams' gr. g. *Ned Forrest*	dis.

Won easily in 2:45. Track 28 rods short of a mile.

SAME DAY.—*Racking* Purse $50, ent. $5. Mile heats.

Wm. Hughes' b. g. *Old Hickory*, aged	1	1
A. Selover's r. g. ——, aged	2	2

Time, 2:36—2:34. Track 28 rods short of a mile.

The track is situated about a mile from the city of Cleveland, and our correspondent describes it as an excellent one. Unfortunately it is *twenty-eight rods short of a mile ;* this should be remedied as soon as may be, for horses making ever so good races over it will gain no credit, except perhaps with the spectators. The regular races commenced on

TUESDAY, Aug. 8, 1837.—Purse $75, ent. $7,50, for 3 yr. olds, colts 86lbs., fillies 83lbs. Mile heats.

A. Selover's gr. g. *Grape Vine*, pedigree unknown	1	1
D. Stockton's gr. h. *Mirabeau B. Lamar*, by Pirate, dam by St. Tammany	2	bolt.

Time, 2:02—2:22. Track 28 rods short of a mile.

WEDNESDAY, May 9.—Purse $300, ent. $30, free for all, 3 yr. olds carrying 86lbs.—4, 100—5, 110—6, 118—aged, 124lbs., with the usual deduction (3lbs.) to mares and geldings. Four mile heats.

Thos. D. Moore's b. m. *Corinna*, by Trumpator, dam by Director, 5 yrs	1	1
D. Stockton's ch. g. *Crowder*, by Pirate, dam by St. Tammany, 5 yrs	2	2
John Norton's ch. m. *Rival*, by Eclipse, dam by Imp. Expedition, aged	4	dr
A. Selover's b. c. *Young Lafayette*, by Lafayette Stockholder, dam by Dutiful, 4 yrs.	3	dis

Time, 7:35—7:41. Track 28 rods short of a mile.

Crowder was the favorite ; Young Lafayette led the field two miles, when Corinna passed, and was never headed. In consequence of his rider's dismounting before coming to the scales, he was declared distanced. The second heat, after a severe contest, was won by Corinna by about half a length.

THURSDAY, May 10.—Purse $150, ent. $15 ; weights as before. Three mile heats.

A. Selover's br. c. *Young Lafayette*, pedigree above, 4 yrs	1	1
John Norton's ch. m. *Rival*, pedigree above, aged	3	2
John T. Zeilley's gr. m. *Effie Deans*, by Pirate, dam by Consul, 6 yrs	2	3

Time, 5:31—5:30. Track 28 rods short of a mile.

FRIDAY, May 11.—Purse $200, ent. $10 ; weights as before. Two mile heats.

Alex. Beard's bl. g. *Black Swallow*, pedigree unknown, 4 yrs	1	1
John T. Zeilley's b. h. *Orphan Boy*, by Orphan Boy, dam by Dinwiddie, aged	2	2
Thos. D. Moore's b. c. *Virginian*, by Mons. Tonson, dam by John Richards, 4 yrs	3	b.

Time, 3:50—3:45. Track 28 rods short of a mile.

SATURDAY, May 12.—Purse $100, ent. $10 ; weights as before. Mile heats, best 3 in 5.

Alex. Beard's, bl. g. *Black Swallow*, pedigree unknown, 4 yrs	1	1	1
Thos. D. Moore's gr. f. *Whopsipinico*, by Parrott's Sir Charles, dam by Consul, 5 y.	2	2	2
Mr. Hall's b. g. *Plough Boy*, by Sir Charles, 5 yrs	3	3	3
John T. Zeilley's b. h. *Orphan Boy*, pedigree above, aged	4	4	4

Time, 1:43—1:46—1:48. Track, 28 rods under a mile.

The former Association at Cleveland has been dissolved, and "the Proprietor" now puts up the public money. It is proposed to form a new Club, upon liberal principles—to extend the track to a full mile, and place the sports of the turf upon a better footing—three things most devoutly to be wished, by the real supporters of the turf in the vicinity of Cleveland.

TROUT FISHING.—According to Laing's Journal of a residence in Norway, that is a glorious country for trout fishing. He says, "One of the English gentlemen who I met at Jerkin gave me a fishing rod, with which he did not wish to be encumbered. He had caught trout until he was actually tired, having killed above three hundred in a very few days. Although I never fished trout before, I caught about six dozen between breakfast and dinner. This will give you some idea what fishing is in Norway. They are small, the largest not exceeding a foot in length; but the landlord brought in some as big as salmon, caught in a lake in the field."

REGATTA OF SAIL BOATS.—A regatta embracing five sail boats—the Washington, Liberty, Ariel, William Blight, and Count Pulaski—took place at Philadelphia on Tuesday. The boats started from Kensington at 11 o'clock A.M., and sailed to Chester and back, distance 44 miles. Before starting the Liberty upset; but she was righted and came within 100 yards of winning the race. The Washington which was the first in, made the distance in 4 hours 10 minutes, with the wind a few points north of west, and blowing fresh. The William Blight was dismasied in the race, and the Pulaski upset. The race excited great interest in Philadelphia. Sun.

A BOOTED TAILOR.

On the fast day of a certain commercial city on the Banks of the Clyde, three weeks ago, as chronicled in its own journals, the stage coaches were all full, and every vehicle, from a post-chaise to a donkey-cart, was at an exhorbitant premium. A jolly Tailor determined not to be behind the fashion, but to cut a caper from home as well as his neighbours, and eke out the remnant of his days by laying in a fresh stock of health, by snuffing the callar air of the country.—Having got everything to fit, therefore, he shaped his course, by the Telegraph coach, to Newton of Mearns, where he had previously resolved to take the measure of a friend's hospitality. There he spent the day very convivially; for his friend had a party of merry spirits to meet him, and on the board, in compliment to the Knight of the Thimble, smoked a hot goose—a perfect pattern—which was soon torn to shreds. Lighter dishes followed, and

"Reaming swats, that drank divinely,"

washed down the repast. The stream of sociality and merriment gushed plenteously; but alas! too often we find that we are restrained from the full enjoyment of present happiness by the anticipation of how soon it may terminate; and such was our hero's case; for there was a coach which, at gradually diminished intervals, posted across the Tailor's mind, and which he knew must be taken on its return to lead him back to Glasgow. Return it did; but what was to be done? Snip, as may be guessed, was well to live, but ill to walk—the coach was full outside and inside—and the rosy cheeked wag of a driver, (who was fly to the whole state of the case at a glance), declared, with a leer on the one cheek, and an expression of regret on the other, that he "was sorry, most uncommon sorry, for Mr. ——'s dilemma." "Truly," continued Job's comforter, "it's a very hard case, and the mistress, puir woman, 'll no ken what's come o'er ye. It's a desperate pity; but there's nae help for misfortunes ye ken. I'm fou, outside and inside, and I darena risk being fined, for they're desperate particular the noo, they excise folk." The Tailor, who had been touched "on the raw" about the anxiety of his wife and family, implored the driver to take him up in some way," for (added he), I maun be in Glasgow the nicht, and (candid but melancholy confession, being rather cut as otherwise), I canna walk it." "There's nae help for't, unless I put ye in the boot," replied George.—"Boot or stocking," cried Snip, in desperation, "on or in I maun be." The driver opened the boot of the coach, took out a horse rug which was in it, and wrapping it round the shivering tailor, kennelled him up, locked the boot and drove off amid the laughs and jokes of the passengers. The knight, being exhausted with the fatigues of the day, "cuddled" himself up in the rug as snug as a kitten in a hatfull of down, and surrendered himself to the embrace of Morpheus—

"Partly wi' travel overcome,
And partly he was drunk."

When the coach stopped in Glascow, the driver who did not wish to expose the tailor by turning him out to the gaze of the passing crowd, allowed it to be taken into the coach-yard; and when he returned, (after having arranged his parcels in the office) to set his prisoner free, what was his astonishment to learn that there being a great call for vehicles to bring passengers from Paisley, the coach, tailor and all, had been sent thither half-an-hour before. This was giving snip more jaunting than he bargained for. On loading the coach at Paisley, the boot was opened to stow in some trunks, and these hard substances being pushed rather unceremoniously into contact with the Tailor's ribs, awoke him to a painful consciousness of the risk he ran of being crushed into a cake; whereupon he bellowed lustily, and swore aloud with such vehemence as to bring hundreds round the coach, who were lost in amazement to know how he came there. He, on being dragged forth, and stripped of his equestrian mantle, was also puzzled to know what spot of the globe he now occupied. He summoned "George" to pay him his fare; but the driver was a hard-featured, sallow little man, whereas George was a ruddy-complexioned, handsome, good-looking fellow. Then, then this was not the Trongate; yet the coach was the same, and there was the identical boot from which he had just been emancipated. Fairly dumfoundered, he put the question, with a look of the most undissembling innocence, "Where's this I am, in the name o'God, driver?" On being told "Paisley," and that the seats for Glasgow were all secured—some of the younkers hinting he might get into the boot again—seeing the crowd inclined to make him the subject of merriment, he stamped on both his feet at once, buttoned up his coat with an air of the most determined resolution, and darting looks of carving knives and forks at all around him, moved smartly along on the *shoemaker's pony* to Glasgow, which he reached about midnight, galled at heel and heart, as sober as a judge, but fagged and "sair forfoughted."

Ayre (Scotland) Advertiser.

ADVICE.—Women often lose the man they love, and who loves them, by mere wantonness of coquetry. They reject, and they repent. They should be careful not to take this step hastily, for a proud, high-minded, gifted man will seldom ask a woman twice. Bacon.

ENGLISH LAWS OF RACING.

Compiled for the New York SPIRIT OF THE TIMES from "*The Sportsman's Pocket Reference Book* for 1836," and "*The Turf Remembrancer* and *Racing Calendar* for 1836 and 1837."

At a meeting of the members of the Jockey Club, held 25th April, 1833, it was resolved, that from and after the end of the year 1833, horses should be considered at Newmarket as taking their ages from the 1st of January, instead of the 1st of May. That is, a horse foaled any time in the year 1836, is one year old on the 1st of Jan. 1837.

With respect to other places, they will be considered as taking their ages from the 1st of May, until the Stewards of those races shall order otherwise.

Four Inches are a Hand.

Fourteen Pounds are a Stone.

1. CATCH Weights are, each party to appoint any person to ride without weighing. Feather weights signifies the same.

2. Give-and-take Plates are fourteen hands to carry stated weights, according to age; all above, or under, to carry extra, or be allowed the proportion of seven pounds to an inch.

3. A Post Match is to insert the age of the horses in the article, and to run any horse of that age, without declaring what horse, till he come to the post to start.

4. A Handicap Match is A, B. and C to put an equal sum each into a hat; C, who is the Handicapper, makes a match for A and B, who, when they have perused it, put their hands into their pockets and draw them out closed; then they open them together, and if both have money in their hands, the match is confirmed; if neither have money, it is no match. In both cases the handicapper draws all the money out of the hat; but if one has money in his hand, and the other none, then it is no match; and he that has money in his hand is entitled to the deposit in the hat.

5. Horses not entitled to start without producing a proper certificate of their age, if required, at the time appointed in the articles, except where aged horses are included, and in that case a junior horse may enter without a certificate as to age, provided he carry the same weight as the aged.

6. No person shall start more than one horse of which he is the owner, either wholly or in part, and either in his own name or that of any other person, for any race for which heats are run.

7. The horse that has his head at the ending-post first wins the heat.

8. For the best of the plate, where three heats are run, the horse is second that wins one heat.

9. For the best of the heats, the horse is second that beats the other horses twice out of three times, though he do not win a heat.

10. Where a plate is won by two heats, the preference of the horses is determined by the places they get in the second heat.

11. Where a plate or subscription is given for the winner of the best of three heats, a horse, to win the prize, must be the actual winner of two heats, even though no horse appear against him for both or either of the heats.

12. When three horses have each won a heat they only must start for a fourth, and the preference amongst them will be determined by it, there being before no difference amongst them.

13. In running of heats, if it cannot be decided which horse is first, the heat goes for nothing, and they may all start again, except it be between two horses that had each won a heat.

14. If a rider fall from his horse, and the horse be rode in by a person that is sufficient weight, he shall take his place the same as if the rider had not fallen, provided he go back to the place where the rider fell.

15. Jockies must ride their horses to the usual place for weighing the riders, and he that dismounts before, or wants weight, is distanced; unless he be disabled by an accident which should render him incapable of riding back, in which case he may be led or carried to the scale.

16. Horses' plates or shoes not allowed in the weight.

17. Horses running on the wrong side of a post, and not turning back, are distanced.

18. Horses drawn before the plate is won are distanced.

19. Borses are distanced if their riders cross or jostle.

20. All complaints of foul riding must be made before or at the time the jockey is weighed.

21. No distance in a fourth heat.

22. A confirmed bet cannot be off but by mutual consent, except in the cases hereinafter mentioned.

23. Either of the betters may demand stakes to be made, and on refusal declare the bet to be void.

24. If a better be absent on the day of running, a public declaration of the bet may be made on the Course, and a demand whether any person will make stakes for the absent party, and if no person consent to do so, the bet may be declared void.

25. Bets agreed to be paid or received in London, or any other particular place, cannot be declared off on the Course.

26. If a match or sweepstakes be made for any particular day in any race week, and the parties agree to change the *day* to any other in the same week, all bets must stand: but if the parties agree to run the race in a different week, all bets made before the alteration shall be void.

27. The person who lays the odds has a right to choose a horse or the field; when a person has chosen a horse, the field is what starts against him, but there is no field without one horse starts against him.

28. Bets and stakes made in guineas are paid in pounds.

29. If odds are laid without mentioning the horse before the race is over, the bet must be determined by the state of the odds at the time of making it.

30. Bets made in running are not determined till the plate is won, if that heat be not mentioned at the time of running.

31. A bet made after the heat is over, if the horse betted on does not start, is void.

32. Bets determined, though the horse does not start, when the words "absolutely run or pay," or "play or pay," are made use of in betting.

33. Where two horses run a dead heat for a sweepstakes or plate, and the parties agree to divide the stakes equally, all bets between those two horses, or between either of them and the field, must be settled by the money betted being put together, and divided equally between the parties. If after the dead heat an unequal division of the stakes be agreed upon, then the money betted shall be put together and be divided between the parties in the same proportion as the stakes shall have been divided. If a bet be made on one of the horses that ran the dead heat against a horse that was beaten in the race, he who baeked the horse that ran a dead heat wins half his bet. If the dead heat be the first event of a double bet, the bet shall be void.

34. Bets made on horses winning any number of races within the year, shall be understood, however the expression may be varied, as meaning the year of our Lord.

35. Money given to have a bet laid shall not be returned, though the race be not run.

36. Matches and bets are void on the decease of either party before the match or bet is determined.

37. A horse walking over or receiving forfeit shall not be deemed a winner.

38. An untried stallion or mare is one whose produce has never run in public.

39. A maiden horse or mare is one that has never won.

40. It being an established rule that no person can *enter and run* either in his own name or in the name of any other person, two horses of which he is wholly or in part the owner, for *any plate ;* and doubts having arisen as to the true definition of the word "*plate*,"—the Stewards of the Jockey Club have decided that where a sum of money is given to be run for, without any stake being made by the owners of the horses (the entrance money, whether given to the owner of the second horse, or applied to the Racing Fund, not being considered a stake) such prize shall be construed to be a *plate*. But where a stake is deposited by the owners of the horses, which is to go to the winner; and an additional sum of money or a cup, piece of plate, or other reward is offered, as a prize to the winner, even though such addition shall be denominated a plate by the donor:—such race shall be deemed and taken to be a sweepstakes, and not a plate.

41. In estimating winnings, it is the practice to estimate the clear sum gained only, and consequently to exempt the winner's stake. A winner of a sweepstakes of 20 gs. each (3 subs.), is therefore not disqualified from running for a £50 plate, expressed to be for horses that never won a plate, match, or sweepstakes of that value.

42. If any horse shall be named or entered without being properly identified, he shall not be allowed to start in the race; but his owner shall be liable to pay the forfeit, or if a play or pay race, the whole stake. All bets on a horse so disqualified for starting are void.

43. In every sweepstakes in which there shall be any allowance of weight to the produce of untried horses or mares, such allowance shall be claimed on the article by each subscriber before the expiration of the time of naming; and if not so claimed, no allowance shall be made, even though the horse or mare should prove to have been untried at the time of naming.

44. When the riders of any horse brought out to run for any race are called upon by the person appointed to start them, to take their place for that purpose, the owner of every horse which comes to the post shall be considered as liable to pay his whole stake; and all bets respecting such horses shall be considered as play or pay bets.

45. If in running for any race one horse shall jostle or cross another, such horse and every horse belonging to the same owner, or in which he shall have a share, running in the same race, shall be disqualified for winning the race, whether such jostle or cross happened by the swerving of the horses, or by the foul and careless riding of the jockey, or otherwise; and where one horse crosses the track of another close behind him, it shall be deemed a sufficient cause of complaint, even though he be a clear length or more before the horse whose track he crosses.

46. In naming or entering for any race where there shall be any particular conditions required as a qualification to start, it shall be sufficient if the horse were qualified at the expiration of the time allowed for naming or entering; and he shall not be disqualified by anything which may happen after the expiration of that time, unless so specified in the article; and if any additional weight is to be carried by horses which have won one or more plates or races within the year, it shall be construed to mean the year of our Lord.

47. When the qualification of any horse is objected to, the owner must produce a certificate, or other proper document, before the race is run, to prove the qualification of the horse; and if he shall start his horse without so doing, the prize shall be withheld for a period to be fixed upon by the Stewards, on the expiration of which time, if the qualification be not proved to the satisfaction of the Stewards, he shall not be entitled to the prize, though his horse shall have come in first, but it shall be given to the owner of the second horse. When the qualification of a horse is objected to after the race is over, the person making the objection must prove the disqualification.

48. All disputes arising elsewhere than at Newmarket, which may be referred to the Stewards of the Jockey Club, must relate to horse racing, the facts must be reduced into writing, and be sent by, or with the sanction of, the Stewards of the races where the matter in question occurred, and the parties must agree, in writing, to abide by the decision of the Stewards of the Jockey Club.

CROCKETT'S ACCOUNT OF "THIMBLE-RIG."

He belonged (says the Colonel) to that numerous class that it is perfectly safe to trust as far as a tailor can sling a bull by the tail—but no farther. He told me that he had been brought up a gentleman; that is, he was not instructed in any useful pursuit by which he could obtain a livelihood, so that when he found he had to depend upon himself for the necessaries of life, he began to suspect that dame nature would have conferred a particular favor if she had consigned him to the care of any one else.

The first bright idea that occurred to "Thimble-rig" of bettering his fortune, was to marry an heiress. Accordingly he looked about himself pretty sharp, and after glancing from one fair object to another, finally his hawk's eye rested upon the young and pretty daughter of a wealthy planter.

Our worthy had the principle of going ahead strongly developed. He was possessed of considerable address, and had brass enough in his face to make a wash-kettle; and having once got access to the planter's house, it was no easy matter to dislodge him. In this he resembled those politicians who commence life as office holders; they will hang on tooth and nail, and even when death shakes them off, you'll find a commission of some kind crumpled up in their clenched fingers. Little —— appears to belong to this class—there's no beating his snout from the public crib. He'll feed there while there's a grain of corn left, and even then from long habit, he'll set to work and gnaw at the manger.

Thimble-rig got the blind side of the planter, and everything to outward appearances went on swimmingly; but suddenly he discontinued his visits at the planter's house. His friends asked him the meaning of this abrupt termination of his devotions.

"I have been treated with disrespect," replied the worthy indignantly.

"In what way?"

"My visits, it seems, are not altogether agreeable."

"But how have you ascertained that?"

"I have received a hint to that effect; and I can take a hint as soon as another."

"A hint!—and have you allowed a hint to drive you from the pursuit? For shame. Go back again."

"No, no, never! a hint is sufficient for a man of my gentlemanly feelings. I asked the old man for his daughter."

"What followed?—what did he say?"

"Didn't say a word."

"Silence gives consent all the world over."

"So I thought. I then told him to fix the day."

"Well, what then?"

"Why, then he kicked me down stairs, and ordered his slaves to pump upon me. That's hint enough for me." Crockett's Exploits and Adven. in Texas.

American Surgery.—A correspondent under the date of Jannary 14th, 1837, writes to the Editor of the Express as follows:—

"In the Surgery department of the College of Ohio, they have one Professor inferior to no man living in his branch. I refer to Professor Alban G. Smith."

Dr. Smith was many years in Europe, and witnessed very many difficult surgical operations. He has been in practice, I believe, about twenty years, and is said to be one of the best operators with the knife in the *universe*. He has had here in the west, an immense practice, and there are probably five cases requiring a surgical operation in Cincinnati, to about one in any Eastern city, and for the simple reason that the people of the west are more reckless of life, and consequently more careless than those of the north or east. I am told Doctor Smith has performed the operation for stone some fifty times, and with almost universal success, having lost but *two* patients, and was the first in the United States who successfully introduced the operation of breaking up the stone in the bladder without cutting.

In further reference to the distinguished surgeon in this school, I will remark for the information of those of your readers who belong to the profession, that Dr. Smith has performed the operation of the *extirpation of the brain several times successfully*. The operation was never performed by any other surgeon in the United States with the exception of the late Dr. Ephraim McDowell, of Kentucky; and that he has also performed the operation of excision of the spinal marrow for removal of pressure on the same—*the only successful operation of the kind on record*. An account of one of the first named operations may be found in the first number of the North American Medical and Surgical Journal published in Philadelphia; and a full history of the latter case may be found in a French Medical Journal, published in Paris, called the Hebdomadaire, for October 1829, No. 55. It is said Dr. Smith has performed more important surgical operations successfully than any other surgeon of his age in the Union."

We have transferred the foregoing extract from the Express to the columns of the Evening Star for two reasons, viz., first, because we believe the encomiums bestowed upon the professional skill of Dr. Smith, to be every way deserved; and secondly, because we wish to gratify many friends and readers with the announcement of the circumstance, that the worthy Doctor has recently removed from Cincinnati, and taken up his abode in New-York. This city certainly affords a wide field for the display of the professional skill of this eminent surgeon, and we hope therefore that his residence amongst us will be as agreeable to himself as we feel confident it will be welcome to our citizens. Evening Star.

A Country Curate's Household.—The very bad do not like to enter a clergyman's family. Indeed my female servants have had so good a name for all proprieties, that this circumstance alone led to the very comfortable settlement of one of them, and, I think, that event has been a recommendation to the house ever since. One evening, as tea was brought in, I heard a half suppressed laugh in the passage, and observed a simpering strange look in the servant's face as the urn was put on the table. The cause was soon made known: it was a courtship, and a strange one. A very decent-looking respectable man, about thirty-five years of age, who carried on some small business in a neighbouring town, a widower, and a Wesleyan, knocked at the door. He was then a perfect stranger. The man-servant opened it. "I want," said the stranger, "to speak with one of Mr. ——'s female servants." "Which?" "Oh, it doesn't signify much." The announcement was made in the kitchen. "I'm sure I won't go," says one. "Nor I," says another. "Then I will," said the nurse—and straight she went to the door. "Do you wish to speak with me, Sir?" "Yes, I do," said the stranger. "I am a widower, and I hear a very good character of Mr. ——'s servants. I want a wife, and you will do very well." "Please walk in, sir," said the nurse. In he walked, and it was this odd circumstance that caused the general titter. But the man was really in earnest—in due time married the woman; and I often saw them very comfortable and happy in the town of ——; and, I verily believe, that neither of them had any reason to repent the choice thus singularly made. She fell into his ways—had a good voice, and joined him in many a hymn, thus manifesting their happiness and their thanks, while he was busy about his work, and she rocked the cradle. I represent them as I saw them—and, I doubt not, their whole life was cohformable to the scene. Letters of a Country Curate.

CANT.—There's nothin' I hate so much as cant of all kinds; it's a sure sign of a tricky disposition. If you see a fellow cant in religion, clap your hands into your pocket, and lay right hold of your puss, or he'll steal it as sure as you're alive; and if a man can't in politics, he'll sell you if he gets a chance, you may depend. Law and physic are jist the same, and every mite and morsel as bad. If a lawyer takes to cant, it's like the fox preachin' to the geese, he'll eat up his whole congregation; if a doctor takes to it, he's a quack as sure as rates. The Lord have massy on you, for he won't. I'd sooner trust my chance with a naked hook at any time than one that's half covered with bad bait. This fish will sometimes swallow the one without thinkin', but they get frightened at t'other, turn tail, and off like a shot. The Clockmaker

Said the Spanish lover to his mistress, "Do you love me?"—"Yes." "What do you love me for—because I am handsome?"—"Oh yes." "Because I have pretty mustaches?"—"Yes." "Because I sing well?"—"Yes." "Because I dance well?"—"Yes." "Because I play on the guitar well?"—"Yes." "Well, what else do you love me for?"—"Oh, I love you for all your good qualities." "But if you don't love me for my*self*, myself, you can never be mine."

And thereupon it becomes a question, whether the Spanish lover was more blockhead or puppy. If the lady did not cut him as dead as a drowned frog, she was a goose for her pains. Com. Adv.

The Grand River Journal gives the following musical anecdote that occurred at the first attempt to launch the steamboat Milwaukee, which failed in consequence of not being able to get her to move after knocking away the blocks:—

While efforts to launch the Milwaukee were making, but without success, the band on board the Daniel Webster struck up the air, "Oh, dear, what can the matter be?" which was promptly replied to by the band on board the Milwaukee with "Settin on a rail."

CHARACTERISTIC SKETCHES OF ENGLISH JOCKIES.

WILLIAM SCOTT.[*]

It seems to be a pet theory with mankind that success waits upon merit by no means in an equal or corresponding proportion. It requires very little research to come at the foundation of this popular sophism. None are willing to consider their prosperity suited to their desert; hence self-love, which, when calamity overtakes us, consoles with the assurance that we suffer from mischance beyond the reach of human foresight to avert, whispers, when those around us are more fortunate than ourselves, that they are more indebted for it "to good luck than good guidance." That many of the most remarkable men of all ages owed their beginnings to chance, or a fortuitous combination of circumstances, every page of ancient and modern history instructs us; but how many more would have been associated with them, had they in like manner profited by the opportunities which were placed within their reach? Man, in the outset of life, has been compared to a child who gathers shells upon the sea-shore, choosing and rejecting what falls in his way as capriciously as unwisely; the infant retains the shell, but discards the costly pearl which it contained; and how constantly does the child of larger growth barter the substance for the shadow! Let us follow the comparison yet farther. In the morning of life we stand upon a shore where the great ocean of the future spreads before us—the evening comes, and how does it find us? Safe in harbor and richly freighted is the bark of him, who, duly weighing the tides and their influences, gave his canvass to the wind when "the flood set on to fortune;" while he who lets the hour of vantage escape him, with crippled gear and empty keel, "is bound in shallows and in miseries." The talent that enables men to invent or create sources whereby wealth may be acquired, is by no means so safe a road to fortune as that turn of mind which seizes and improves such as offer themselves ready to our hand. Sir Hugh Myddleton and Fulton left posterity vast legacies, but both lived and died almost in actual want.

I thought it well to preface with these observations my notice of an individual whose career of extraordinary success, in a precarious profession, has so often been attributed more to the adventitious circumstances with which it has been surrounded, than to the skill which distinguishes him as a public jockey. I am aware what up-hill labor it is to attain to that position which allows talent a chance of developing itself upon the Turf. Allowing the difficulty all its weight, still how many have had the opportunity, and either neglected or abused it! If most of the paths to fortune are narrow and of difficult access, how infinitely beyond all ordinary ways are those beset along which lies the passage of that class of men with whom is my present business. It is hardly possible to decide which condition of life is most likely to operate injuriously upon them. If they are poor, how hard to resist the temptation to which they are hourly exposed, where the means are put within their reach, detection so difficult, and the reward so munificent! If they are prosperous, how little suited are they by habit or education to resist the intoxication of a position to which their wildest ambition could never have aspired! And with them is the "*facilis descensus—sed revocare pedem .....*" One *lapsus*—or the most vague suspicion of it—is fatal. As an instance of this, I need but allude to one, who is admitted to be as good a general rider as any of his Turf-cotemporaries; I mean George Edwards. For years we have seen him excluded from even a solitary ride at Newmarket or any of the great Southern courses. The cause of this I do not speak of, because I am not competent to do so on any grounds within my own knowledge, and I do not found argument upon hearsay testimony. It is believed to have originated in a hastily formed opinion, but one, whether right or wrong, emanating from a quarter so powerful as to be equally mischievous in either case. For one, among many, I think well of George Edwards; he is blunt and *brusque* of manner; yet I think there is guarantee of integrity in the very want of conciliation by which that manner is marked. He, however, has been more fortunate than falls to the lot of most men—he has had a *second* chance. Winning this year's Derby (as he most assuredly did by consummate jockeyship, out of the fire) has launched him once more, after being so long laid up in ordinary. I gave him joy, and I wish him success. I think he was hardly used; perhaps it was not intended that the result of what might have been meant as a useful lesson should have been really so disastrous, so all but ruinous; still, if it serve as a warning to eschew that which, without being actually criminal, is capable of being so interpreted; if it lead to a resolution, in the future, of a steady and straightforward course, he will have less reason to regret it than when suffering from its present consequences he may have believed possible.

I have thus digressed from my thesis, because I would establish this position before entering upon individual matter, that no situation can be more critical, none more obnoxious to jealous misrepresentations and unfounded suspicions than that of a public jockey. If this be admitted (and no one with the most superficial knowledge of the Turf can be ignorant of it), then I *do* claim that a long successful career in such a hazardous calling be accepted as assurance of merit and desert. Taking for granted that which I have travailed to establish, we come to the consideration of one with no ordinary title to the esteem of all who advocate racing as a National Sport. That in all I have to offer affecting the private and public character of **William Scott**, the eulogistic will be found prevailing, concerns me the less as to the spirit in which it may be received, that nothing which now can be written of him is calculated in any way to affect his interests, either to their benefit or prejudice. He has passed the social Rubicon, and in his career merit and success have gone hand in hand.

The subject of this *memoir* was born to the calling which in after days was to be his heir-loom of honor and fortune. His father, who now, in a green old age, is enjoying his *otium* at Brighton, was training-groom and jockey to the celebrated Sir John Lade. A more sporting field no man could desire, either as it affected his temporary concerns, or in its prospective influence. Probably at that season there could not have been a better Turf introduction than that afforded by the stable of the eccentric Baronet of ultra-fashion. I believe some of the anecdotes, which the old gentleman possesses, touching both Sir John and his Lady, are as choice pieces of biography as might be written; but, alas! the virtues of the common salt do not of right appertain to its attic brother. Story-telling and cookery are types of each other—the scum in both cases comes to the surface.

> How many a *piquante morceau*, hour on hour,
>   Is lost, whose sparkling fancies none shall hear;
> How many a yarn of "forty-parson power"
>   Survives in leaden dulness for the ear!

At about nine years of age, little Will began his career under one of the most distinguished trainers that the English Turf has ever possessed, Mr. James Edwards, of Newmarket, known to the Sporting World as Old Edwards, trainer to Lord Jersey, who long has brought, and still continues to bring, that nobleman's horses to the post in a form proverbial for its excellence. For a lad of any gumption here was an opportunity for picking up crumbs. Will did more; he picked up his bread, and buttered it on both sides. After remaining under Edwards about two years, circumstances occurred which induced him, indeed compelled him in a manner, to look elsewhere. His ultimate object in becoming one of James Edwards' establishment, no doubt, was to be introduced into the riding of the Stable. At first this was likely to be the case, but subsequently Harry Edwards, whose original destination was the Church, altered his mind, and resolved upon substituting the jacket for the cassock. This, if it did not altogether deprive him of the chance of riding, was calculated so to divide the advantages of it, that Will forthwith began to look out for himself. The result was, that he emigrated to the North, and joined himself to Mr. James Croft, of Middleham, Yorkshire. Here again was a choice selection; and after studying under the two greatest professors of either racing hemisphere, we find Scott making his debut as a jockey upon the York course. We will pass over the years that intervened between his boyhood and that epoch of his life when he had almost all the riding of Mr. Houldsworth's horses, whose stud was brought into such strong relief by the celebrated match between Filho da Puta and Sir Joshua. It is hardly necessary to say that Filho was trained by Croft, and that he was ridden by Goodisson, who was beaten on him. At this time, although Filho continued nominally under his old trainer, he was in fact in the hands of John Scott, and subsequently he was ridden by his brother Will. In 1821 his star first showed in the ascendant. In that year he won the Leger for Mr. T. O. Powlett on Jack Spigot. (I omitted naming that when William Scott became jockey to Mr. Houldsworth, John succeeded as trainer to that gentleman.) It was generally believed at the time that the winning of the Leger with Jack Spigot laid the foundation of his fortune, for it was current that he was a heavy winner by that race.

He now entered into Mr. Watt's service, and in 1825 won for him the Leger upon Memnon. That event also, it is believed, produced him a large stake; indeed, it could hardly be otherwise, as we shall see when we come to speak of the peculiar habit of his betting. In 1828 and 1829 he won two successive Legers for Mr. Petre; the first with The Colonel, and the last with Rowton. This made three successive winnings of that Stake for Mr. Petre, he having also won it in 1827 with Matilda, ridden by James Robinson. In 1832 Scott won the Derby for Mr. Ridsdale upon St. Giles, and the same Stakes for Mr. Bowes in 1835 upon Mundig, and the Oaks in the subsequent year for his brother John upon Cyprian. We have no present parallel to this success upon our Turf. Old John Jackson, indeed, seemed to have had a lease of the Leger, winning it no less than eight times in a period of thirty-one years. But no Southern Jock has won the Great Northern Stakes three times. James Robinson has won it twice in 1827, as we have already seen, and in 1832 to Mr. Gully upon Margrave. Wm. Scott, the Northern, has carried off two Derby's and one Oaks.

All who may read this, and who have seen him in a race, will bear testimony with me to the coolness and general self-possession for which his style is distinguished. Of the hundreds of contests in which I have seen him engaged, I can now call to mind but two in which I think he showed want of nerve, or in which he was out-generalled—in both by the same antagonist. The first was when he went to mount for the conquering game after the dead heat between Cadland and The Colonel for the Derby in 1828. I remember upon that occasion turning to a friend, who went with me to see the start, and observing, "I saw Will Scott, a few minutes since, sucking an orange, and his manner was *distrait* and agitated as I never knew it before—the game is up." The second was at the final struggle for the Great Portland Handicap last year. I cannot imagine, from the exclusive attention he paid to Birdlime, that he had any idea Sheet Anchor was being brought up on the lower ground. In these two cases Robinson was opposed to him.

Scott is thirty-eight years old, and stands five feet four and a half inches. His look, when mounted for a race, is quite business-like—firm and composed. Naturally he is a man of good nerve, and from his constant and long-continued practice, of great muscular power. Unlike some of our crack jockies, he is quite as good over a country course as on the Newmarket Flats, though (the consequence of a handsome independence) we now rarely find him engaged in any but Stakes and Plates of leading importence.

I believe him to be a first-rate judge of pace and weight, with its consequences, two essentials wherewith a jockey's head should be balasted. I will not call him cruel to his horse, but he is, without mincing it, severe; and upon occasions there is no man upon the Turf that can punish a horse like him. That in this latter case he has achieved some wonderful victories, I admit, without admiring. In the Craven Meeting this year, at Newmarket, he won a 100 sovs. Sweepstakes upon Lord Chesterfield's Fright, absolutely with steel and whalebone, being at his horse with both the last three quarters of the distance. In the early part of the race, he was beaten off so completely that I believe a hundred to one would have been laid against him.

As a horseman, and a first-rate one, his excellence is not confined to the race-course; there are, I have been assured, few better, no bolder, riders than he is across a country. To be sure he is always splendid, and in no trade do the tools go so far towards making a good workman as clever hunters in shewing a man with fox-hounds.

I spoke of a peculiarity in his idea of betting, which is this. He never considers a bet worth anything, however promising its appearance, *unless it be judiciously hedged to.* Upon such a system well digested and carried out, even Turf speculation, ruinous as it is considered, may be rendered harmless.

Scott is now a widower, having married a Miss Richardson, of Beverley, who has left him, I believe, a large family. His private character I cannot describe better than in the words of an old neighbor of his with whom I lately spoke of him—"There is not a more hospitable man in his county—his table ever excellent without extravagance; he is as straight-forward a fellow as any in existence, and one who will leave no stone unturned to aid or serve a friend."

London (Old) Sporting Magazine for July.

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[*] No II. of these Sketches was contained in the June No. of this Magazine, which has not reached us. No. I was published in the Spirit of the Times some time since.

WILLIAM IV. AS A SPORTSMAN.

Leaving to others the grateful detail of the progress made during the late reign in all that conduces to civilized refinement, we turn to that which is our peculiar province, and proceed to examine the countenance bestowed by King William upon our National Sports and Pastimes.

If the habits of his youth were ill suited in after years to induce a bias towards a rural life, still less were they calculated to produce any tendency to, or relish of Sporting. In fact, his Majesty was not at any period of his life fond of the enjoyments of the field in any of their branches; but in no instance did he permit that want of taste in himself to interfere with the zeal with which he promoted their interests for the advantage or enjoyment of his subjects. His career upon the Turf was a very brief one, merely extending to a short appearance of the horses which were in training at the death of George the Fourth. Though not a master of race horses, however, as a breeder of the English blood horse he stood, during his reign, as a British Monarch should, "*le brave parmi les braves!*" The Stud at Hampton Court was, and is, the most splendid establishment of the kind ever known in this country. To the original stock there were added in the late reign the best mares which England produced whenever such were in the market. There can be no doubt but that in selecting such animals without reference to price, and in superintending, as he did, the details of his noble stud, his Majesty's objects was to lay the foundation of a great National Establishment for the production of first-class horses, and to bequeath it to the care and fostering protection of his successor. That such will be the case, we have good reason to believe, in the re-appointment of Lord Albemarle to the office of Master of the Horse. If the past be an augury of the future, all who wish well to the Turf will rejoice that one, whose attachment to racing is as well known as the skill displayed by him in selecting and breeding for it, is continued in a department which he filled with such credit to himself and so ably and profitably for his royal master. It may not be generally known, that in addition to the King's Plates and Royal Purses, which were given previous to and during his reign, the King contributed largely to racing through many other channels. It is not long since the writer of this memoir received notice of a liberal subscription from that source towards a race fund with which he was connected, with an intimation that it was given anonymously. The Two Hundred Sovereigns Plate at Ascot this year is an instance of the free spirit with which the amusements of the people were seconded by the Royal bounty.

As a fitting companion for the establishment at Hampton Court we have that appropriated to the Chace at Ascot Heath. Of his Stag-hounds the King was justly proud. Though divested, of course, of the associations which would give enthusiasm to a Sportsman's notice of them, still, in alluding to the estimation in which they were regarded by such as understood their value, there was an *esprit de pays* that shewed the presence of sympathy with his subjects; and in the motive which led to the intimation, regularly made to all strangers who visited Windsor Castle, that they should not leave without going over the kennels and seeing the hounds, there was a lurking of the principle which induced a philosopher to declare that "hunting was a natural appetite of mankind." No highar eulogy can be pronounced upon the whole *materiel* of the chace honored with the distinction of Royalty, than that it befitted the Crown of which it was an appendage. The hounds were perfection, the stud of hunters admirable, and those entrusted with the care and management of them altogether worthy of their trust. One disadvantage they have had to contend against—the frequent change of Masters. Until the last appointment, that of Master of the Stag-hounds used to be considered a political arrangement. Upon that occasion it was bestowed, with the natural kindness of the heart from which it emanated, as a testimony of individual regard. For the future it is very desirable that one fitted by experience as well as station should be chosen to uphold the character of the first Sporting Establishment in the nation.

As a National Sport for which lang syne had such pleasant memories, it pleased his Majesty to give to the most distinguished of our National Clubs the name of The Royal Yacht Squadron, and to place his name at the head of its list of Members. This Club is now in possession of privileges, in entering and departing from foreign ports, peculiar to itself, and no doubt mainly owing to the desire upon the part of the different Continental Powers to do honor to its Royal Patron. The last occasion on which it was permitted that he should mingle with, and do honor to, the sports of a people whose love for him was only equalled by their respect, was at Datchet Bridge, when the boys of Eton School met those of Westminster in the struggle of a generous rivalry, as though the last rays of his favor were reserved for those who in their pure and uncontaminated lives deserved the latest association with him whose reign had been a course of manly simplicity and entire singleness of purpose.

Thus briefly have we shown the patronage bestowed on all the manly exercises by the late King; and it may be added, as a proof of the interest he took in everything connected with them, that *this Work* was regularly forwarded to St. James's, by special order of Sir Herbert Taylor, 'for the use of his Majesty.'

Extract from an article in the London (Old) Sporting Magazine for July, 1837.

HARE-HUNTING BY THE FOX.

The Fox is not able to overtake a hare in running, and therefore he has recourse to artifice, which he instinctively employs. In the evening, generally towards sunset, the fox comes out of his hole, and creeps cautiously along the edge of the wood, with all the precaution of a sportsman, to discover if possible, a young hare in the distance. The young hares are, like all young animals, very sportive, and one often sees them gamboling and leaping in the oddest manner that can be imagined, and upon this propensity is the manœuvre of the fox founded. He seeks above all things to introduce himself to a young one, not yet acquainted with the world. If it is a fine warm summer evening the hare is very willing (supposing that he has not yet become acquainted with the character of the fox) to sport with the unknown stranger. The fox, therefore, while at a distance, exerts himself to excite the attention of the young hare. He stretches himself upon the ground at full length, spreads his tail upright, jumps in the air, runs round in circles, and thus endeavours to approach nearer to the hare, who grows bolder, and looks at the fox with curiosity, and with a newly-awakened desire to gambol with him. In this way the fox succeeds in inspiring the hare with confidence, which consequently is influenced to sport with this deceiver, and to join in its ridiculous tricks, and the poor wretch is thus irrevocably lost, for the fox takes the first safe opportunity to seize it by the throat, and, heedless of its piteous cries, to deprive it of life. Mr. Jesse, in his "Gleanings of Natural History," relates as a fact that may be relied on, that in France a gentleman who had gone out to shoot hares one evening, in a very rocky district, placed himself with his attendant in concealment near a water-channel formed by the rains, to watch for the hares coming down towards the plains in order to feed. "They had not been there long when they observed a fox coming down the gully, and followed by another. After playing together for a little time, one of the foxes concealed himself under a large stone or rock, which was at the bottom of the channel, and the other returned to the rocks. He soon, however, came back, chasing a hare before him. As the hare was passing the stone where the first fox had concealed himself, he tried to seize her by a sudden spring, but missed his aim. The chasing fox then came up, and finding that his expected prey had escaped, through want of skill in his associate, he fell upon him, and they both fought with such animosity that the parties who had been watching their proceedings came up and destroyed them both."

ON SHOEING HORSES.

Nothing engenders so frightful a chain of diseases in a horse, all tending to disable him, as improper treatment of the animal's feet. Nature had never taken greater pains to form an exquisite anatomical specimen of mechanical power than when it formed the foot of the horse; and to this beautiful, delicate, and complicated formation, does he owe his power of speed over most others of the brute creation. In a state of nature, the horse's foot is seldom, if ever, diseased; in a state of domesticity it is more or less unsound, in seven cases out of ten. In a state of nature, the foot, being unencumbered by a shoe, is not prevented from assuming that position on the ground which keeps it in a sound condition, and enables each of its component parts to discharge their several functions. In a state of domesticity, the animal is obliged to wear a shoe, for the purpose of protecting its hoof from the roughness of harsh roads; and this shoe is generally so constructed as to inflict considerable injury upon the foot, by incapacitating its several component parts from performing their functions, thereby producing a state of disease. Contracted hoof, sand-cracks, thrush, grease, stiffness in the flexor tendon of the leg, weakness in the pastern and knee joints, and a tendency to genu-flexion, are some among the various disturbances produced by improperly shoeing a horse, so as to impede any of the necessary actions of the foot. And yet most of the London farriers, totally ignorant of the anatomy of the horse's foot, and of the various uses of its several parts, apply the shoe so as always to produce the effects we have just endeavored to describe. Having often before observed that we nowhere find such bad horsemanship as in the London parks,—we may here add, that whenever we see an awkward fellow gallop by, riding upon his curb, and allowing his snaffle rein to hang loosely up the horse's neck, we are sure, on further examination, to find the poor animal suffering from bad shoeing. Ignorance in riding seems always the concomitant of ignorance in treatment of the horse; and he who takes no trouble to learn to do the former with the least possible inconvenience to the animal, will pay little or no attention to the latter.

One of the most important organs of the foot of a horse is that portion which everybody knows under the designation of the frog. Upon the health of this organ depends that of the whole foot; and yet the ignorant farrier seems to have conceived so violent an antipathy to this frog, that he always endeavors to cut as much of it away as he possibly can, without actually wounding the animal; and as from the mode of shoeing generally adopted a great portion of the frog is often dried up and decayed, the blacksmith finds no great difficulty in paring it away to almost nothing. The consequence of this we shall endeavor to explain, by describing the use of the frog.

This organ is seated at the heel, just beneath the hoof, and behind its bars. It forms a sort of case for the end of the flexor tendon, which it covers like a bulb. It likewise secretes an unctuous liquor, which serves to keep the horn of the hoof moist and to prevent it from cracking. The frog is also an elastic wedge, which contracts and expands with the hoof, and when this wedge receives its due pressure as the animal walks, it keeps the bars in their proper state of expansion, and counteracts any tendency in the hoof to permanent contraction. Thus, then, its functions are indispensable to keep the foot sound; for if it were destroyed, the bottom of the flexor tendon of the leg would be exposed to disease; again, if it did not secrete oil to keep the hoof moist, the latter would crack, as is often the case; lastly, if it were dried up and deprived of its elastic power, the foot would become permanently contracted, and the horse lame, which is a matter of very common occurrence.

Two things are evident from what we have just stated:—1. The secretion, elasticity, and mechanical action of the frog, are absolutely necessary to keep the foot of the horse in a sound state. 2. If, from improperly placing the shoe, or from any other cause, the frog should be deprived of the stimulus necessary to enable it to carry on its natural action, the foot must fall into a state of disease. With reference to this latter, from the position of the foot, and the resources provided by nature, it can occur but very seldom that any accidental cause deprives the frog of its power of action; and as it is an undoubted fact that the shoe, when improperly put on (as it is in seven cases out of ten) produces this effect, by raising the heel and preventing the frog from receiving the slightest pressure—and the necessary pressure can alone give the proper stimulus—it is reasonable to conclude that, in most cases of diseased feet in horses the diseased action is the effect of bad shoeing.

If the farrier would observe the horse in a state of nature,—if he would examine the yet unbroken, and consequently unshodden colt, he would find that the broad, circular foot presses fully on the ground, the frog receiving as the animal walks, at each elastic rebound caused by the play of the pastern, a slight pressure against the ground, which excites it, keeps it in healthy action, and indeed preserves the whole foot from disease. He would also perceive, after a more minute observation, that not only is the frog an elastic body, but that the hoof itself, though a horny substance, is elastic, and that it contracts and expands by the action of the muscles of the sensible foot, of which it is only the case or covering, preserving it from injury, but yielding to all its impulses. He would then, if he were not a dolt, reason upon what he had observed, and infer that for a horse to be sound upon its feet, it must walk in that exact position which nature designed for it: and that any deviation from that position is unnatural, and deprives the horse of a portion of its power. He would also think that nature, by placing the animal firmly on its heels, and not on the front edge of its hoof, as most horses stand when improperly shod, did so for some wise purpose, and that the slight blows given to the frog as the animal walked, were not without an object, and therefore ought to be continued even when the shoes were on,—unless indeed he had the presumption, like the bee-breeched and be-booted louts in London livery stables, to fancy that he knew better than nature. He would at last conclude that the shoe ought to be made to fit the horse's foot, as shoes of Christian folks are made, not the foot pared and burned down to fit the shoe; and that in fitting on the latter, idiosyncrasies (dear reader excuse the term) must be as fully attended to as would be done by the fashionable boot-maker in Regent-street, when taking account of bunions and other peculiarities on the feet of one of his fashionable customers.

Unhappily for the poor horses, there are but few observing farriers in London, for there are too many cockneys who ride in the park on their curb rein, and know nothing of the habits or comforts of the poor animal they bestride, to allow farriers time for improvement in their craft; and as we have before observed, the oracular sayings of ignorant grooms being received in preference to the dicta of men of information, there is no encouragement held out to those who would otherwise devote their time and energies to the question.

It is much to be desired that a shoe were invented which should have the faculty of yielding to the different impressions which the hoof would impart to it through its elastic action, which action, however, is but slight. In applying a hard, unyielding iron shoe to a horny substance which gently contracts and expands during the action of walking, a degree of inconvenience must always be felt by the animal; but this inconvenience is greatly increased when the natural position of the foot is altered. It becomes, therefore, a matter of vital importance to the well-being of the animal that the shoe should be so formed and fastened on as to allow that action to continue unimpeded which nature has imparted to the horse's foot. For this purpose we offer the following directions, hoping that, as we have called the attention of our readers to the subject, they will give it their earnest attention.

The horse's foot being circular, and not oval, the shoe should be made in that form; or rather the hoof should be measured, and the shoe made exactly to correspond. An oval or elliptic foot is generally, nay, we may say always, diseased. It has assumed that shape in consequence of the contraction of the bars, brought on solely by a diseased state of the frog for want of pressure; and in no one instance of oval formed feet will the frogs be found healthy. The moment the foot is lifted from the ground, the smell indicates the diseased frog, though perhaps cockney equestrians consider this the natural perfume of the organ when in health.

The shoe should be as light as possible consistently with the labor the animal has to undergo. Before it is put on, the hoof should be pared away towards the heels, in such a manner that with the shoe the horse should stand with the frog close to the ground, as when in a state of nature; when the shoe is on, it should be filed away towards the heels, being left sufficiently thick to enable the frog in the natural position of the animal without a rider or burthen, just to clear the ground; so that when the horse bears its burthen or its rider, the frog of the shoed foot should receive the same pressure from the ground that it would do if the shoes were taken off and the animal turned loose. When a horse is shod according to the present system, besides the various diseases brought on by the want of the action of the frog, the animal walks upon *its toes*, (the expression cannot be misunderstood,) and the proper muscular action of the foot and leg is perverted. Hence many horses fall dead lame without the farrier being able to assign any cause for it, although he will talk dogmatically enough on the subject to confound those who know no better than himself.

The (London) Sportsman for July, 1837.

The Kentucky Screamers!—Two hardy, good natured big fellows came into our office yesterday, when one of them addressed us, "Look here, Mister, we are *screamers* and you are a *smasher*—now I want to subscribe for your paper—you must send it to Bowling Green Post Office, in old Kentuck." A ten dollar bill, on one of the New Orleans banks was thrown down, and the party left. These are the kind of "screamers" we like. N. O. Picayune.

Very Wise on the Subject.—A New Haven clergyman says American writers of plays are *better paid* than other literary men in the country. We should like to know who are thus paid, how, and when. Sun.

This is the *clergyman* who says Shakspeare's a fool and a brute!

Dining Alone.—The author of "The Parson's Daughter," when *surprised* one evening in the arm-chair two or three hours after dinner, is reported to have apologised by saying. "When one is alone the bottle *does* come round *so* often." It was Sir Hercules Langrishe, we believe, who being asked on a similar occasion—"Have you finished all that Port (three bottles) without assistance?"—answerd "No, not quite that, I had the assistance of a bottle of Maderia."

Lady Blessington.

RECENT REMARKABLE RARITIES.

[Regularly reported by Roderick Random.]

Get out of that tall grass.—Mr. Daniel Coffin, of Belfast (Me.), cautions all persons who have no business with his business to let it alone.

A Dear Relation.—A Mr. Purden, of Dublin, Ohio, has had to pay $12,000 damages for a breach of marriage promise with his cousin. He says his pa told him not to have her.

An author in Philadelphia has been getting up a pamphlet entitled "Common Sense." Don't believe folks will like it.

Hear Ye.—An English paper says the great-great-grandson of the author of Robinson Crusoe, is now living near Hungerford market. Spos'n he is?

The Post says that Lake Michigan wouldn't make a 11 o'clock dram for the Nahant sea serpent.

How to Get rid of Rats.—Read to them the accounts of the horrible steamboat disasters, and they will flee the country. Salem Gaz.

Charge them $12 a barrel for flour, and they will go much quicker. Herald.

Set them to collecting newspaper bills, and they'll never get over it. Dedham Patriot.

"I say, Jim, your coat aint half long enough for you."—"Never mind, 'twill be *long enough* afore I have another.

A fellow stole a petticoat from a clothes line in Salem the other day. Wonder what he wanted of it.

The editor of the Boston Times says he has heard of a man so short that he couldn't reach high enough to button his jacket.

We have heard of a person so short in the arms, that he couldn't reach to the end of his fingers any way he could fix it.

A New Orleans paper says there has been no marriages in that city for three days. Reason, because it was too hot.

They have got a locomotive on the Morris and Essex (N. J.) Rail-road, which goes at the rate of 60 or 70 miles an hour. Hold on to your bonnet, my deary.

A gentleman of our acquaintance has received orders from a friend at the West for fourteen "good healthy girls," to each of which he guarantees a likely young husband. Applications may be made at this office.

Fish *vs.* Pork.—The New Orleans Commercial Herald says that porpoises cured with salt make excellent *pork*.

"Tongue Scrapers" are advertised in some of the papers—said to be very good instruments for a certain *disease of the tongue*.

Highly Important.—It is stated in the Boston Post that Judge Morton will be re-nominated for the office of Governor!!

A fight recently took place in Utica between a negro and a white man, in which the former attempted to bite off his adversary's *nose*, but through mistake bit off his own *lip*.

It is so hot in Philadelphia that the slumbers have to be done by *instalments*—by nods and winks.

Tall—Taller—Tallest.—They have got wheat in the State of Maine that measures six feet in height; rye in New York seven feet three inches; corn in Maryland nine feet four inches.

A Big Heart.—The following is from the recent speech of a distinguished statesman:—"If I had not a heart noble enough, a soul generous enough, a breast sufficiently comprehensive *to take in all my country*, I should think myself unfit for a public man.

Another suspension.—Job Stevenson, a Methodist, lately hung himself in Kentucky. Job manifested himself *not* Job in going out of this world so impatiently.

Great Pressure Expected.—Above five hundred corsets were sold last week in a single shop in Philadelphia. Dedham Patriot.

CAMDEN (S. C.) JOCKEY CLUB RACES,

WILL commence, on this course, on the 1st Monday in Nov. next, with a Sweepstakes, Mile heats, sub. $100, h. ft., for 3 yr. old colts and fillies. Closed with 6 subs.

1. J. J. Moore,
2. J. J. Mickle,
3. P. McRa,
4. J. B. Richardson,
5. W. Hampton,
6. A. R. Ruffin.

Tuesday.—J. C. Purse, Four mile heats; purse not less than $600.
Wednesday.—J. C. Purse, Three mile heats; purse not less than $500.
Thursday.—J. C. Purse, Two mile heats; purse not less than $350.
Friday.—J. C. Purse, Mile heats, best 3 in 5; purse not less than $350.

The following Sweepstakes come off over this course on the day preceding the annual regular races, which have been agreed upon by a convention of the different Clubs, at a meeting in Charleston, at their regular races in Feb. last, to commence on the *First Tuesday in each year*:—

A Sweepstakes for 3 yr. old colts and fillies, Two mile heats; sub. $200, h. ft. Closed, for 1838.

1. J. J. Harrison, sen., names a gr. f. out of Eliza Splotch, full sister to Kite.
2. J. J. Moore names a s. f. out of Leocadia, by Alborax.
3. W. H. B. Richardson names a c. out of Venus, by Bertrand, Jun.
4. P. McRa names a b. f. out of a Financier mare, by Bertrand, Jun.
5. J. G. Winter names a b. f out of Whisker m. (Miss Accident), by Tramp.
6. “ “ “ b. f. out of Whisker m. (Sister Lottery), by Tramp.
7. W. Hampton names a b. f (Imp) out of Ada, by Emilius.
8. Paul Fitzsimons names a ch. f. (Imp.) out of Delphine, by Priam.
9. J. H. Adams names a f. (Imp.) out of Peri, by The Colonel.
10. Hamner & Gibson name a br. f. out of Fanny Green, by Virginian—Sarpedon.

A Sweepstakes for 1839, Mile heats; sub. $100, h. ft. Closed.

1. J. J. Moore names a s. f. out of Leocadia, by Non Plus.
2. J. J. Mickle names a ch. c. out of Angelica, by Yeoman.
3. P. McRa names a gr. f. out of a Financier mare, by Non Plus.
4. W. H. B Richardson names a br. c. out of Julia, by Muckle John.
5. J. W. Cantey names a b. f. out of a Gohanna mare, by Eclipse Lightfoot.
6. A. R. Ruffin names a b. c. by Bertrand, Jun., out of Nell, by Duroc.
7. W. Hampton names a br. c. out of Emma (Imp.), by Camel.
8. “ “ “ br. f. out of Pocahontas, by Argyle.
9. Hamner & Gibson name a s. c. out of Polly Medley, by American Eclipse.
10. M. R. Smith names produce of Mary Frances, by Argyle.

Sweepstakes for 1840, Two mile heats; sub. $200, h. ft. Closed.

1. J. J. Moore names produce of Leocadia and Rowton.
2. J. W. Cantey names produce of Gohanna mare and Godolphin.
3. W. H. B. Richardson names produce of Transport and Muckle John.
4. J. B. Richardson names produce of Julia and Muckle John.
5. P. McRa names produce of Crusader mare and Rowton.
6. “ “ “ “ “ Financier mare and Rowton.
7. W. H. B. Richardson names produce of Venus and Muckle John.
8. J. G. Guignard names produce of Empress and Rowton.
9. W. Hampton names produce of Imp. Emma and Rowton.
10. “ “ “ “ “ Augusta and Rowton.
11. J. C. Goode names produce of Caliope and Shark.
12. Hamner & Gibson name produce of Polly Medley and Rowton.
13. M. S. Perry names produce of Congaree mare and Godolphin.

Camden, S. C. July 18, 1837. [Ju29] J. S. NETTLES, *Sec'y and Treas'r.*

SWEEPSTAKES, LAFAYETTE COURSE, AUGUSTA, Ga.

WE agree to run a Sweepstakes for colts and fillies, 3 years old, over the Lafayette Course. Sub. $300, h. ft. Two mile heats. To come off the first week in December, 1837, as changed from the first week in January, 1838, by the Convention held in Charleston in February last, which changed the time of the annual races over the Lafayette Course, from the first week in Jan. 1838, to the first week in December, 1837. Named and closed 1st March, 1837.

SUBSCRIBERS.

1. Col. John Crowell names br. f. by Stockholder, out of the dam of Bolivia.
2. Col. Wade Hampton names Imp. b. f. by Emilius, out of Elizabeth, by Rainbow.
3. Capt. James J. Harrison names full sister to Kite.
4. Messrs. Townes & Smith names ch. c. by Bertrand, jr., out of Mary Frances.
5. John Morrison names b. c. Target, by Luzborough, dam Becca, by Marquis.
6. Lewis Lovell names ch. c. John Guedron, by Bertrand, dam Pacussia.

THE following is a Stake, closed for December, 1838; $200 entrance, h. ft. Two mile heats.

SUBSCRIBERS.

1. Col. Hampton names Imp. b. f. Ella, by Emilius, out of Ada, sister to Augusta.
2. Col. Paul Fitzsimmons names Imp. ch. f. by Priam, out of Delphine, by Whiskey.
3. G. Edmonson names ch. c. by Leviathan, dam by Gallatin.
4. John Morrison & Co. names ch. c. Highland Henry, by Henry, dam Highland Mary.

SWEEPSTAKES now open for 1839, sub. $500, h. ft. Two mile heats. To name and close before the first day of October, 1837, to which there are six subscribers, 3 or more to make a race.

SUBSCRIBERS.

Col. Wade Hampton.
Col. Joseph H. Townes.
Col. John Crowell.
Robert D. Glover.
G. Edmonson
John Morrison.

SWEEPSTAKES now open for December, 1840. Entrance $1000, ft. $250. Two mile heats. Four or more to make a race. To name and close at our next December meeting. Now three subscribers, viz.:—

Augustus H. Kenan | Col. W. Hampton | Griffin Edmonson.

Augusta, Ga., May 18, 1837. [m27] JAMES LAMKIN & Co., Proprietors.

SWEEPSTAKES—OXFORD (N. C.) COURSE—FALL, 1837.

A SWEEPSTAKES for colts and fillies, 3 yrs. old, Fall meeting, 1837, Mile heats; ent. $100, h. ft. Three or more to make a race. To name and close 15th Sept. 1837.

2d. A Sweepstakes for 3 yr. old colts and fillies that never won a race, ent. $50, h. ft., Mile heats. To name and close as above. Three or more to make a race.

Both the above Stakes are expected to be quite full. Address the PROPRIETOR.

CUTLERY ESTABLISHMENT, No. 9 ASTOR HOUSE.

THE Subscribers offer for sale one of the choicest assortments of the following goods ever imported into the United States.

Sets New Market Trimming Scissors.
Clipping Scissors and Shears.
Farriers' Drawing Knives, Searchers, &c. &c.
"Long's celebrated London Lancets."
Fleams, Lancets, and Pocket Horse Prickers.
Sportsmens' Portable Table Cutlery.
Marooning Cases Complete.
Hunting and Fishing Knives in great variety.
Cork screws, Boot Hooks, Champagne Openers.
Silver, Pearl, and Ivory Handle Table Cutlery.
“ “ Plated on Steel, with or without Forks.
Carving Knives, Slicers, and Cooks' Knives
One Real Manton Double Barrel Gun.
Two Pair Real Manton Duelling Pistols.

The Trade supplied either from the shelves or by the Package.

[Ju29-4t] GRAVELEY & WREAKS.

MEDLEY COLT FOR SALE.

A GREY COLT, by Medley, of first rate pedigree, fine form and size, and now two years old. For terms apply to the Editor of the Spirit of the Times, 157 Broadway. [m27]

SWEEPSTAKES,

Over the Pharsalia Course, near Natchez, Miss.

No. 1. Mile heats, subscription $100, forfeit $50. The second Saturday in November, 1837.

1. W. J. Minor names s. f. by Longwaist, out of Countess Bertrand, by Bertrand.
2. “ “ “ gr. f. Gulia Grisi, by Longwaist—Jane Grey, by Orphan Boy.
3. W. H. Chambers names b. f. by Red Rover—Mary Mead, by Palafox.
4. P. Hoggatt names gr. g. by Longwaist—Piano, by Pacolet.
5. O. F. Hornsby names b. g. by Red Rover—Fennella, by Whip.
6. F. L. Claiborne names f. by Red Rover—Wild Gazelle, by Sir William.
7. Isaac Elmine names gr. f. by Longwaist—Minerva, by Mercury.
8. W. S. Smith names s. f. by Longwaist—Flight, by Virginian.
9. Osmun Claiborne names s. f. by Longwaist—Old Dido. [Closed.]

No. 2. For 3 yr. olds, Two mile heats; sub. $1000, ft. $250—Tuesday of the week previous to the Spring meeting of the Natchez Jockey Club in 1838.

1. Thos. J. Wells names Longitude, by Leviathan, out of Harriet, by Sir Archie.
2. “ “ “ Jane Elliot, by Leviathan, dam by Pacolet.
3. W. J. Minor names br. c. Doncaster (imp.) by Longwaist—Lady Ern, by Muley.
4. “ “ “ br. f. Britannia (imp.), by Muley—Nancy, Longwaist's dam.
5. A. L. Bingaman names s. c. Tishimingo, by Leviathan—Lilac's dam, by Sir Archie.
6. E. Elliot & Co. name b. f. Catherine, by Leviathan—Lucy Brooks, by Bertrand.
7. J. Duncan & J. W. Withers name ch. f. Own Sister to Linnet. [Closed.]

No. 3. For 2 yr. olds, Mile heats; sub. $200, ft. $100. Second Saturday in Nov. 1838.

1. F. L. Claiborne names s. c. Red Jacket, by Rattler—Wild Gazelle, by Sir William.
2. A. L. Bingaman names b. f. by Pacific—Miss Bailey—Imp. Boaster.
3. W. J. Minor names s. f. Garcia, by Longwaist—Jane Grey, by Orphan Boy.
4. “ “ “ s. c. Native, by the Saddler—Imp. Novelty, by Blacklock.
5. A. L. Bingaman names b. f. by Bertrand—Sister to Remus, by Pacolet.
6. F. L. Claiborne names b f Seminola, by Tranby—Medley Mare.
7. A. L. Bingaman names gr. f. by O'Kelly—Lucy Brooks, by Bertrand.
8. W. J. Minor names b. f. by Longwaist—Countess Bertrand, by Bertrand.—[Closed.]

No. 4. For 2 yr. olds, Mile heats; sub. $1000, ft. $250. Second Saturday in Dec. 1838.

1. J. B. Pryor names produce of Tochechana and Leviathan.
2. W. J. Minor names s. c. Native, produce of Novelty and The Saddler.
3. “ “ “ b. c. Glennara, produce of Nell Gwynn and Rowton.
4. S. D. Elliot names produce of Miss Bailey and Pacific.
5. F. L. Claiborne names produce of Medley Mare and Tranby.
6. A. L. Bingaman names produce of Chuckaluck and Bertrand.
7. W. H. Chambers names produce of Kate Plowden and Bertrand.
8. M. E. Boyles names produce of Ad Jackson's dam and Luzborough.
9. “ “ “ produce of Jenny Deavers and Luzborough. [Closed.]

No. 5. Mile heats, sub. $1000, ft. $250. Monday preceding the Spring meeting of the Natchez Jockey Club, 1839.

1. A. L. Bingaman names f. foal, by Bertrand—Madge Wild Fire.
2. O. Claiborne “ “ “ “ Lisbon Maid.
3. L. Cock “ “ “ “ Sally Nailor.

Dec. 3th, 1836. [Closed.]

No. 6. For 2 yr. olds, Mile heats; sub. $500, ft. $200. Second Tuesday in Nov. 1839.

1. W. J. Minor names gr. c. Garrick, by Longwaist—Jane Grey..
2. A. L. Bingaman names br. c. by Leviathan—Chuckforhila, by Bertrand.
3. “ “ “ b. f. Nehusta, by Leviathan—Own Sister to Betsey Malone.
4. Osmun Claiborne names b. c. by Leviathan—Energy, by Stockholder.
5. “ “ “ gr. c. by Leviathan—Primrose, by Sir Henry Tonson.
6. W. J. Minor names ——

To close on the 1st of May, 1838. Gentlemen wishing to enter in this stake will please enclose their nominations (post paid) to John Routh, Esq. Natchez.

No. 7. For 2 yr. olds, Mile heats; sub. $300, ft. $100. First Saturday in Nov. 1838.

1. R. C. Evans names s. f. by Longwaist—Phœbe, by Bertrand.
2. A. L. Bingaman names g. c. by Medley—Fortuna, by Pacolet.
3. W. J. Minor names b. f. by Longwaist—Countess Bertrand, by Bertrand.
4. “ “ “ s. f. Garcia, by Longwaist—Jane Grey, by Orphan Boy.

Closes on the 1st of Jan. 1838. Nominations directed as above. N. B. This Stake is free only for colts and fillies got by stallions that stood in Mississippi or Louisiana.

Pharsalia Course, Natchez, Miss., July 5, 1837.—[Ju22] A. G. McNULTY, *Proprietor.*

SWEEPSTAKES, HAMPTON COURSE, GEORGIA.

THE following Sweepstakes are to be run over the Hampton Course, near Augusta, Ga., at their regular annual meetings.

In all cases where there is a privilege of declaring off, the lesser forfeit must be paid to the Treasurer of the Club as much as two weeks previous to the race, or the party entering will be bound for the larger forfeit. The Club will appoint the day of running. When there are more than one Sweepstakes to be run at the same meeting, there shall betwo days intervene, in order to enable gentlemen to run the same colt in both Stakes. The shorter race shall come off first. The death of the colt, or the demise of its owner, cancels the entry. An entry may be changed before the day of closing, and all entries must be made before that day. An entry mailed within that time, with the Postmaster's stamp or certificate, shall be deemed valid.

NOW OPEN.

Sweepstakes for 1837-38.

1st. For colts and fillies foaled in 1834; entrance $250, forfeit $125, declaration $50. Five or more to make a race. To name and close 1st July, 1837. Mile heats.

2d. For colts and fillies foaled in 1834; entrance $500, forfeit $125, declaration $75; five or more to make a race. To name and close 1st July, 1837. Mile heats.

3d. For colts and fillies foaled in 1834; entrance $1000, forfeit $500, declaration $100: four or more to make a race. To name and close 1st August, 1837. Two mile heats.

SUBSCRIBERS.

1. M. L. Hammond names ch. c. Gerow, by Henry, dam by Eclipse.
2. Col. W. Hampton names b. f. Emily, by Emilius, dam Elizabeth.
3. John Morrison names b. c. Target, by Luzborough.
4. Col. John S. Ashe names ch. f by Godolphin, dam Sally Taylor, by Kosciusko.
5. E. M. Seabrook names ch. f. by Luzborough, dam Miss Medway, by Kosciusko.

Sweepstakes for 1838-39.

1st. For colts and fillies foaled in 1835; ent. $250, ft. $125, declaration $50; five or more to make a race. To name and closed 1st August, 1837. Mile heats.

SUBSCRIBERS.

1. J. G. Guignard names b. f. by Docken, dam by Sertorius.

2d. For colts and fillies foaled in 1835; ent. $500, ft. $250, declaration $75; four or more to make a race. To name and close 1st August, 1837. Mile heats.

3d. For colts and fillies foaled in 1835; ent. $1000, ft. $500. declaration $100; to name and close 1st August, 1837. Two mile heats.

SUBSCRIBERS.

1. John E. Colhoun names b. f. Nullification, by Nullifier, dam by Tartar.
2. John G. Winter names b. f. Miss Accident, by Tramp, dam by Whisker.
3. “ “ b. f. Miss Armstrong, by Tramp.
4. “ “ ch. c. Geo. Stanley, by John Stanley, d. by John Richards.
5. John Morrison names f. by Eclipse, dam by Barefoot.
6. “ “ f. by Henry, dam Highland Mary.
7. Col. W. Hampton names b. f. Ella, by Emilius, dam Ada.
8. Col. Paul Fitzsimmons names ch. f. Ada Byron, by Priam, dam Delphine.
9. E. M. Seabrook names ch. f. by Godolphin, dam Miss Medway.

Sweepstakes for 1839-40.

1st. For colts and fillies foaled in 1836; ent. $250, ft. $125, declaration $50; five or more to make a race. To name and close 1st Jan. 1838. Mile heats.

SUBSCRIBERS.

1. John P. C. Whitehead names ch. f. Andrew Anna, by Andrew, dam by Sir Walter.
2. John G. Winter names b. c. Billy Harris, by Tonson, dam by Ariel.

2d. For colts and fillies foaled in 1836; ent. $500, ft. $250, declaration $75; five or more to make a race. To name and close 1st Jan. 1838. Mile heats.

3d. For colts and fillies foaled in 1836; ent. $1000, ft. $500, declaration $100; four or more to make a race. To name and close on or before 1st Jan. 1838. Two mile heats.

Sweepstakes for 1840-41.

1st. For colts and fillies foaled in 1837; ent. $250, ft. $125, declaration $50; five or more to make a race. To name and close *before* 1st Jan. 1838. Mile heats.

2d. For colts and fillies foaled in 1837; ent. $500, ft. 250, declaration $75; five or more to make a race. To name and close on or before 1st Jan. 1838. Mile heats.

SUBSCRIBERS.

1. J. G. Guignard enters produce of Empress, by Henry—colt by Rowton.

For colts and fillies foaled in 1837; ent. $1000, ft. $500, declaration $100, four or more to make a race. To name and close on or before 1st Jan. 1838. Two mile heats.

SUBSCRIBERS.

1. Col. W. Hampton enters produce of Emmy, imp., by Magistrate—colt by Rowton.

Sweepstakes for 1841-42.

1st. For colts and fillies foaled in 1838; ent. $250, ft. $125, declaration $50; to name and close before 1st Jan. 1838. Mile heats.

2d. Ent. $500, ft. $250, declaration $75.

3d. For colts and fillies foaled in 1838; ent. $1000, ft. $500, declaration $100; to name and close on or before 1st Jan. 1838. Two mile heats.

SUBSCRIBERS.

1. Col. W. Hampton names produce of Bay Maria, by Eclipse—Colt by Rowton.
2. “ “ “ Augusta, by Crusader—Colt by Rowton.

Stallion Stakes, Foals of 1838.

Entrance $1000, ft. $500, declaration $250. To name and close on or before 1st April, 1837 To come off 1841. Three or more entries to make a race.

SUBSCRIBERS.

1. Col. W. Hampton names the get of Rowton. [A1]

BOSTON AND PROVIDENCE RAIL ROAD LINE.

VIA NEWPORT.—From the foot of Marketfield-street, Battery Place, North River, at 5 o'clock, P. M.

AUGUST ARRANGEMENT.

From New York.			*From Providence.*
Rhode Island,	Tuesday,	1st,	Massachusetts.
Narragansett,	Wednesday,	2d,	· ·
Massachusetts,	Thursday,	3d,	Rhode Island.
· ·	Friday,	4th,	Narragansett.
Rhode Island,	Saturday,	5th,	Massachusetts.
Narragansett,	Monday,	7th,	· ·
Massachusetts,	Tuesday,	8th,	Rhode Island.
· ·	Wednesday,	9th,	Narragansett.
Rhode Island,	Thursday,	10th,	Massachusetts.
Narragansett,	Friday,	11th,	· ·
Massachusetts,	Saturday.	12th,	Rhode Island.
· ·	Monday,	14th,	Narragansett.
Rhode Island,	Tuesday,	15th,	Massachusetts.
Narragansett,	Wednesday,	16th,	· ·
Massachusetts,	Thursday,	17th,	Rhode Island.
· ·	Friday,	18th,	Narragansett.
Rhode Island,	Saturday,	19th,	Massachusetts.
Narragansett,	Monday,	21st,	· ·
Massachusetts,	Tuesday,	22d,	Rhode Island.
· ·	Wednesday,	23d,	Narragansett.
Rhode Island,	Thursday,	24th,	Massachusetts.
Narragansett,	Friday,	25th,	· ·
Massachusetts,	Saturday,	26th,	Rhode Island.
· ·	Monday,	28th,	Narragansett.
Rhode Island,	Tuesday,	29th,	Massachusetts.
Narragansett,	Wednesday,	30th,	· ·
Massachusetts,	Thursday,	31st,	Rhode Island.

Passengers for Boston will take the Rail Road Cars at Providence immediately on their arrival.

☞ All Merchandise, Specie, and Baggage, at the risk of the owners thereof. [At5]

STEAMBOAT CHAMPION.

THE Steamboat Champion having been thoroughly repaired and newly fitted up, will resume her regular trips between Mobile and Pensacola, on Sunday, the 2d inst. and will leave here every other day thereafter, at eight o'clock in the morning, precisely. This steamboat is now in first rate order, and is connected with the Florida Line to Augusta, Georgia, &c. &c. Passengers in going this route, will find it one of the safest and best in the Southern country. Fare from Mobile to Pensacola, $6. E. MURRAY, Master.

N. B. Parties wishing to charter the Champion for trips of pleasure down the Bay, can do so by giving a day or two's notice. [J17] Mobile, Ala., June 1, 1837.

BLOODED STOCK FOR SALE.

CAPTAIN STOCKTON, of the U. S. Navy, having determined to retire from the Turf, offers for sale his entire Stock of Thorough Bred Horses.

Stallions.

No. 1.—The imported horse Trustee, foaled in 1829, by Catton, out of Emma, by Whisker, full brother to Mundig, the winner of the Derby in 1835, and was a capital race horse himself, See English Racing Calendar. [*SOLD.*]

No. 2.—Powhattan, grey horse, 16 hands high, foaled in 1830, by Monsieur Tonson, out of the celebrated four mile mare, Iris, by Archy. He was a horse of great promise as a racer. He won mile heats and 3 mile heats from good fields, and broke down in running 4 mile heats against Post Boy and Henry Archy.

No. 3.—Dashall, br. h. foaled in 1825, 16 hands high, by Archy, out of Meg Dodds, full sister to Miss Mattie, and Isabella—his dam now owned by Mr. R. L. Stevens, of New York. He was a capital racer himself, and his colts are amongst the most promising in New Jersey.

Horses in Training.

No. 4.—Middlesex, ch. h., 16 hands high, by Sir Charles, out of Powancey, by Alfred—her dam Virgo, by Imp. Sir Peter Teazle, out of Castinira, the dam of Archy. There are very few horses in the United States that rank higher for speed or beauty than Middlesex.

No. 5.—Bergen, gr. c. foaled in 1833, by Medley, out of Charlotte Pace. This is a horse of good speed and bottom. For the pedigree of Charlotte Pace see No. 15.

No. 6.—Imported b. h. Langford, by Starch, out of Peri, the dam of Hercules, purchased by J. P. Corbin, Esq. from the King's Stud at Hampton Court—foaled in 1833. He was the winner of the great Sweepstakes for 3 year olds, over the National Course, Spring of 1836.

No. 7.—Imported b. h. John Bull, foaled 1833, by Chateau Margaux, dam by Woful—grandam Beningbrough, g. g. dam Highflyer—See English Stud Book. This horse has never been started, but is a colt of great promise.

No. 8.—Ch. c. Somerset, foaled 1834, by Sir Charles, out of the dam of Middlesex.

No. 9.—B. f. Margaret, foaled 1834, by Dashall, out of Young Nettletop, the dam of Monmouth. For pedigree of Young Nettletop see No. 18.

Colts and Fillies.

No. 10.—Ch. f. by Eclipse, out of Charlotte Pace, foaled 1835. For pedigree of Charlotte Pace see No. 15.

No. 11.—Bay f. by Eclipse, dam Miss Mattie, foaled 1835—for pedigree of Miss Mattie see No. 19.

No. 12.—Chesnut colt by Monmouth Eclipse, out of the dam of Middlesex, foaled 1835.

No. 13—Chesnut filly by Powhattan, out of Blanche, foaled 1835—see No. 20.

No. 14—Chesnut colt by Shark, out of Miss Mattie, foaled 1836—see No. 19.

Brood Mares.

No. 15—Bay mare Charlotte Pace, by Archy, her dam by the Imp. horse Restless, out of Green's celebrated Celer mare by Janus—stinted to Trustee.

No. 16—Chesnut mare Powancey, by Alfred, out of Virgo, by Sir Peter Teazle, imported, out of Castinira, the dam of Archy—stinted to Trustee.

Mo. 17—Gray mare Bianca, foaled 1830, by Medley, out of Powancey—stinted to Trustee.

No. 18—Chesnut mare Young Nettletop, by Marshal Duroc, out of Old Nettletop, by Diomed—Imp. horse Old Sharke—Lindsay's Arabian—Lee's Old Mark Anthony—Imp. horse Silver Eye—Imp. horse Crawford—Imp. horse Old Janus—Imp. Mare—See Am. Stud Book, page 361. Stinted to Trustee.

No. 19—Bay mare Miss Mattie, by Archy, out of Black Ghost—Miss Mattie is own sister to Wynn's celebrated mare Isabella, the dam of Drone and Martha Washington—See Am. Stud Book, vol. 1, page 267. Stinted to Trustee.

No. 20—Chesnut mare Blanche, foaled 1821, by Marshal Durcc, dam Cornet, by Expedition, grandam Cleopatra, by Imp. Slender, g. g. dam Semiramis, by Messenger, g. g. g. dam the Bashaw mare. Stinted to Trustee.

No. 21—Imported bay mare Lady Mostyn, foaled 1831; got by Teniers, out of Invalid, by Whisker; grandam Helen, by Hambletonian, g. g. dam Susan, out of Drowsy, by Drone; Mr. Goodrich's Old England mare, &c. See English Stud Book and Weatherby's Racing Calendar. Stinted to Trustee.

No. 22—Gray mare Helen, foaled 1830; by Lance, dam by Oscar—Expedition, by Imp. Highlander—Fair American, by Lloyd's Traveller—Miss Slamerkin, by Wildair, out of the Imp. Cub mare, by Cub. Stinted to Trustee.

These horses have been selected from the most fashionable Stock in the United States and in England, without regard to cost. They are estimated to be worth over 40,000 dollars, but will be sold together for $30,000, or one or more at a low valuation.

FINE BROOD MARE FOR SALE,

BY ECLIPSE, out of *Sally Slouch*, by Virginian, 6 years old this Spring. She has fine size and action, and is remarkably handsome. Coming of the good old fashioned stout and lasting sort, with a pedigree second to none, a more desirable mare for the breeding stud is rarely to be purchased except at an enormous price. She will be sold at a bargain if applied for immediately, and may be seen within a few hours' ride of this city. Apply to the editor of the Spirit of the Times, 157 Broadway. [A26]

COLT FOR SALE.

FOR SALE, a 3 year old colt, of a rich brown color, fifteen and a half hands high, full, and very handsome. He was got by Eclipse Lightfoot, out of Grand Duchess, the dam of Busiris. C. IRVINE.

Philadelphia, July 22, 1837. [Ju29]

PUBLIC NOTICE.

WE, the undersigned, will offer at public sale, at the late residence of JOSEPH A. MABRY, deceased, in Knox county, twelve miles west of Knoxville, on the 24th day of October next, and continue until the sale is completed, the well known stable of Race Horses and a variety of other Blooded Stock, all the Farm Horses, Cattle, Hogs, Sheep, Jacks and Jennies, Household and Kitchen Furniture of various descriptions; the well-known Farm, the late residence, (except the widow's dower), together with all the other smaller tracts belonging to said estate; all the Corn, Fodder, Oats, Hay, Wheat, &c., which is on hands at the day of sale. Many other articles too tedious to mention.

Bond and approved security, and twelve months credit on all sums over five dollars, and a discount of six per cent per annum, for all cash paid on sums over five dollars.

Further particulars will be made known on the day of sale. Mr. James Cox will show the Farm.

All persons indebted to said estate, are requested to come forward and make payment immediately, and those having claims against it, are hereby notified to file their claims with us, within the time required by law, or they will be forever barred.

GEO. W. MABRY,
JAMES COX, } *Executors.*
W. T. GIVENS.

Knoxville, Tenn., June 14, 1837. [Jy1-5t]

FISHING TACKLE.

ANGLERS will find a good assortment of articles in this line, at J. CONROY'S Fishing Tackle Store, 52 Fulton, corner of Cliff-street. Rods and reels repaired. [Jul.]

THEATRICAL.

PLAYS, OPERAS, and FARCES, No. 36 Division St, New York.—TURNER & FISHER import direct from London every Play, immediately on being issued from the press, with the utmost possible regularity and despatch, and keep always on hand the largest assortment of theatrical works in the country.

Managers of Theatres, Ladies and Gentlemen of the profession, Clubs, Amateurs, &c. will find it to their interest to call before seeking elsewhere, as the advertisers assure them that nothing in the play way can be purchased, but which will be found at their establishment, and which will be disposed of on the most accommodating terms.

Now publishing in numbers, "Turner's Dramatic Library of Acting Plays," embracing the most popular pieces of the present day.

Cumberland's British and Minor Drama, Duncombe's British Theatre; Miller's Modern Acting Drama; Strange's edition of Buckstone's Dramas, and Bayly's Farces—complete sets always on sale.

Wholesale orders attended to with promptness.

New plays done up in strong wrappers, and sent by mail to any part of the Union. [d17

RIFLE TACTICS.

THIS is the title of a book recently published in this city, 72 pages, 18vo. The work is well calculated to answer the purpose for which it is intended, and every man belonging to a rifle corps should be possessed of one. Price by the dozen 31¼ cents, and can be had at this office, 157 Broadway. [m13]

DOCTOR CALDWELL

HAS REMOVED from Franklin, to 58 Walker-street, the residence of the late Dr. Bushe, where he will continue his practice as an operative Surgeon and Accoucheur. [J10]

AMERICAN MONTHLY MAGAZINE—August, 1837.

CONTENTS.—*Original Papers.*—Sketches of Paris, No. 2; The Loves of the Colors; A Tale of a Snag; Excerpts from a College Valedictory Poem; Music; Rose and Violet; The Cold Hand; Design for a Picture Gallery; Vanderlyn; Letter from Miss E. D., Boston, to Miss J. B., New York; Spirit of the West.

Critical Notices.—Motherwell's Poems; The Rocky Mountains, or Scenes, Incidents, and Adventures in the Far West; Society in America; Erato, No. 3; Transactions of the American Lyceum.

Monthly Commentary.—Pauper Immigration; The Children of the Republic; Mineral Wealth of Virginia; Chronological of Cotton; The Ben Sherrod: Fairmount in Miniature; Pondretto; Cure for Hydrophobia; Western Trade of Pennsylvania; Chalk and Water; Tides; Another Moon Hoax; A Sixth Continent; Statistics; Ancient and Modern Democracies; Cheap Bread; Effects of Emigration; American Anthology.

This day (Aug. 1st) published by Geo. Dearborn & Co., 38 Gold street. [At5]

LOUISVILLE HOTEL,

[mh18 6m.] LOUISVILLE, Ky. By S. HASKELL.

WANTED,

FOR some of the Western Theatres, for the term of five years, three American young ladies, of unquestionable respectability, from fifteen to twenty years of age. They must be well versed in erudition, and have some knowledge of music. For such, very liberal encouragement will be given. Address, within thirty days, (post paid) to

[J24] THOS. M. GROVES, N. Y. Spirit of the Times, 157 Broadway.

TRANSYLVANIA UNIVERSITY—MEDICAL DEPARTMENT.

THE Trustees having re-organized this department of the Institution, by the re-appointment of three members of the former Faculty, the election of Drs. Eberle, Mitchell, and Cross, late Professors in the Medical College of Ohio, and the creation of an Adjunct Professorship of Anatomy and Surgery, the Lectures will commence, as usual, on the 1st Monday of November, with the following Faculty:—

Anatomy and Surgery, by B. W. Dudley, M D., Professor, and James M. Bush, M.D. Adjunct Professor.

Institutes of Medicine and Medical Jurisprudence, by James C. Cross, M.D.

Theory and Practice, by John Eberle, M.D.

Obstetricks and the Diseases of Women and Children, by Wm. H. Richardson, M.D.

Materia Medica and Medical Botany, by Chas. W. Short, M D.

Chemistry and Pharmacy, by Thos. D Mitchell, M.D.

Each of the teachers will lecture daily, Sabbaths excepted. The fees of the entire course including Matriculation and the use of the Library, will be $110. The Graduation fee $20.

Notes on all Solvent State Banks will be received by the Faculty.

By order of the Faculty, JAMES C. CROSS, *Dean.*

Lexington, Ky., July 19, 1837. [Ju29]

THEATRICAL NOTICE.

R. RUSSELL, the Manager of the New Orleans, Natchez, and the Louisville Theatres, can be seen between the hours of 11 and 1 o'clock of each day, at No. 9 Chatham-st. up-stairs, opposite the Park. In the absence of the subscriber, Mr. Thomas C. Graham, Treasurer of the above establishments, will be in attendance, to transact all business, &c.

None need apply but individuals of acknowledged talent.

jy22 RICHARD RUSSELL.

MOBILE AND ST. LOUIS THEATRES.

THE undersigned give this early notice that Mr. Sol Smith will not visit New York this present summer, (as heretofore advertised,) most of the engagements for the ensuing year having been already made. Members of the profession who have business with us, will please address us at St. Louis until 25th Oct., and after that time at Mobile.

St. Louis, July 7. [Ju. 22-3t.] LUDLOW & SMITH.

FARM WANTED.

TO rent or lease, for a term of years, a farm, consisting of from 40 to 60 acres of land, in a state of cultivation, with a good house, out-houses, &c., at a reasonable rent. Should its location be adapted to keeping a public house, it would be preferred. A note addressed to C. R. T., and left at this Office, giving a description of the same, its location, the terms, &c. will be attended to. [Ju. 22.]

DENTISTRY.

I HAVE returned from a protracted sea voyage excursion to the West Indies, and am now prepared to see my patrons and friends at my residence, corner of Broadway and Chambers street. [A22] JOHN BURDELL.

RACES AND MATCHES TO COME.

Augusta, Ga. - - -	Lafayette Co., Match, $5000 a-side, *Gerow* vs. *Charlotte Barnes*, Dec. 4.
" "	Jockey Club, Lafayette Course, Annual meeting, 1st Tuesday, 5th Dec.
Bath, Ky. - - - - - -	Jockey Club Fall meeting, last Thursday, 28th Sept.
Batesville, Arks. -	Jockey Club Fall meeting, 1st Tuesday, 3d Oct.
Beans Station, Tenn.	Jockey Club Fall meeting, 2d Wednesday, 11th Oct.
Broad Rock, Va. - -	Tree Hill Course, Jockey Club Fall meeting, last Tuesday, 26th Sept
" " "	Match, Two mile heats, $1000 a-side, *Carolinian filly* vs. *Rattler filly*.
Carthage, Ohio - - -	Agricultural Plate, $1000, for 2 yr. olds, Mile heats 2d Saturday, 9th Sept.
Clarksville, Tenn.	Red River Course, Sweepstakes, 1st Wednesday in Sept.
Camden, S. C. - - - -	Jockey Club Fall meeting, 1st Monday in Nov.
Charlestown, Va. -	Jefferson Jockey Club Fall meeting, 3d Tuesday, 19th Sept.
Columbus, Miss. - -	Hyde Park Course, Jockey Club Fall meeting, 3d Monday, 16th Oct.
Crab Orchard, Ky. -	Spring Hill Course, J. C. Fall meeting, 1st Wednesday, 6th Sept.
Culpeper C. H., Va.	Jockey Club Fall meeting, 3d Tuesday, 19th Sept.
Danville, Va. - - - -	Jockey Club Fall meeting, 1st Tuesday, 3d Oct.
Fayette, Mo. - - - -	Jockey Club Fall meeting, 4th Wednesday, 27th Sept.
Fort Smith, Ark. - -	Jockey Club Fall meeting, 3d Wednesday, 18th Oct.
Fredericksburgh, Va.	Mulberry Course, Jockey Club Fall meeting, 4th Tuesday, 24th Oct.
Gallatin, Tenn. - -	Jockey Club Fall meeting, 3d Tuesday, 19th Sept.
Greensboro', Ala. - -	Henry Course, Jockey Club Fall meeting, 4th Tuesday, 24th Oct.
Greensburgh, Ky. -	Match, 2 m. h., $1000 a-side, *Ben Duncan* vs. *Robt. Burns*, 12th Oct.
" "	Match, $300 a-side, 2 mile heats. *Waxetta* vs. s. c. by Waxy, 11th Oct.
Haymarket, Va. - -	Jockey Club Fall meeting, 4th Tuesday, 26th Sept.
Hopkinsville, Ky. -	Sweepstakes only, 2d Wednesday, 13th Sept.
Jackson, Tenn. - - -	Central Course, Jockey Club Fall meeting, 4th Tuesday, 26th Sept.
Kendall Co., Md. -	Jockey Club Fall meeting, 2d Tuesday, 10th Oct.
Laurenceville, Va.	Jockey Club Fall meeting, 2d Thursday, 14th Sept.
Louisville, Ky. - - -	Oakland Course, Association Fall meeting, 1st Tuesday, 3d Oct.
Little Rock, Arks. -	Jockey Club Fall meeting, 2d Wednesday, 8th Nov.
Liberty, Va. - - - - -	Jockey Club Fall meeting, 2d Tuesday, 12th Sept.
Mobile, Ala. - - - - -	Bascombe Course, Jockey Club Fall meeting 3d Tuesday, 21st Nov.
Mecklenburg, Va. -	Buffalo Course, Fall meeting, 2d Tuesday, 10th Oct.
Milledgeville, Ga.	Jockey Club Fall meeting, 2d Tuesday, 13th Nov.
Newport, Ky. - - - -	Newport & Covington Association, Fall meeting, 3d Monday, 18th Sept.
Nashville, Tenn. -	Jockey Club Fall meeting, 4th Monday, 25th Sept.
" "	Match, — heats, $5,000 aside, produce of Bertrand and Eclipse, of Tenn. vs. produce of Leviathan and Marshal Ney, of Mississippi, Fall, 1838.
Natchez, Miss. - - -	Match, 2 m. h., for 500 Bales Cotton, *Angora* vs. *Rodolph*, 17th May, 1838.
Newberry C. H., S. C.	Jockey Club Fall meeting, 1st Tuesday, 7th Nov.
New York City. - -	Union Course, L. I., First Fall meeting, 1st Tuesday, 3d Oct.
" " "	Match, $5000 a-side, Mile heats, *Henry A. Wise* vs. *Gift*, 2d Fall meeting.
" " "	Match, $2000 a-side, 2 m. h. *Br. to Post Boy*, vs. *Br. to Coronet*, sametime
New Orleans, La. -	Jockey Club Fall meeting, Eclipse Course, 1st Tuesday, 5th Dec.
Norfolk, Va. - - - -	Jockey Club Fall meeting, 3d Tuesday, 19th Sept.
Olympian Spr'gs, Ky.	Bath Jockey Club Fall meeting, last Thursday, 28th Sept.
Oxford, N. C. - - - -	Jockey Club Fall meeting, 3d Tuesday, 17th Oct.
Palmyra, Mo. - - - -	Jockey Club Fall meeting, 2d Wednesday, 13th Sept.
Philadelphia, Pa. -	Camden Course, N. J.—Match, Four mile heats, $10,000 a-side, $3000 ft., *Charlotte Russe* vs. *Lady Cliffden*, during the ensuing Fall meeting.
Richmond, Ky. - - -	Madison Association, Fall meeting, 2d Wednesday, 13th Sept.
Russellville, Ky. -	Annual Fall meeting, 3d Tuesday, 19th Sept.
Toronto, U. C. - - -	City of Toronto and York Co. meeting, Simcoe Chace Course, 6th Sept.
Tree Hill, Va. - -	Jockey Club Fall meeting, 1st Tuesday, 3d Oct.
Upper Marlboro, Md.	Jockey Club annual meeting, 4th Tuesday, 26th Sept.
Vicksburg, Miss. - -	Match, — heats, $4000 a-side, on Tuesday previous to Fall meeting of 1837, *Miss Lindsay* vs. Col. Bingaman's f. by Leviathan & Bertrand.
" "	Match, $5000 aside, 1 mile out, *D. Hardeman*, vs. *Bob Collins*, 20th Nov.
Washington, D. C. -	National Jockey Club Fall meeting, 1st Tuesday, 3d Oct.

☞ Under this head, Secretaries of Clubs and Clerks of Courses throughout the country May have the dates of their respective meetings inserted, free of expence, in the N. YORK SPIRIT OF THE TIMES. For a great number of RACING, TROTTING, PEDESTRIAN, AQUATIC SHOOTING, and other MATCHES and CHALLENGES, at home and abroad, see previous numbers.

Pedigrees for the New American Stud Book.

FRUIT HILL, (near Chillicothe, Ohio,) Aug. 12, 1837.

SIR,—Please insert in the Spirit of the Times, thence to be transferred to the New American Stud Book, the following pedigrees:—

1st. *Virginia Grey*, bred by Wm. R. Johnson, of Va., (when foaled, ignorant,) by Packenham, dam by Melzar.—Died Sept., 1836.

PRODUCE.

1830. G. f. *Ironette*, by Contention. [W. R. Johnson.]
1832. Missed to Johnson's Sir Charles.
1833. G. c. *Civil John*, by Tariff. [D. McArthur.]
1834. Missed to Tariff.
1835. Ch. f. *Anna Medoc*, by Medoc. [D. McArthur.]
1836. B. f. *Ann-ita*, by Tariff. [D. McArthur.]
This Spring stinted to Sir Charles, by Duroc, and died.

2d. *Mary Haxall*, ch. m., bred by Col. W. Buford, of Ky., foaled Feb. 24, 1824, got by Haxall's Moses, d. by Imp. Speculator, g. d. by Imp. Dare Devil, the D. D. mare out of a thorough-bred raised by Col. Hoomes, of Va.—Vide Buford's Stud, vol. iv. p. 653 Turf Register.

PRODUCE.

1833. B. c. *Tomahawk*, by Tariff, bred by Duncan McArthur.
1834. Br. c. *Turtle*, by Tariff, bred by Duncan McArthur.
1835. Br. c *Chiaxco*, by Tariff, bred by D. McArthur.
1836. Br. g. ——, by Tariff, bred by D. McArthur.
1837. Missed to Sir Charles. Now stinted to Imp. Tranby.

3d. *Lady McTabb*, ch. m., foaled 1823, bred by Walker Saunders, of Ky.; by Davies's Hamiltonian, dam by old Gallatin, g. dam by old Diomed.

1833. Br. c. by Tariff, (dead.) [D. McArthur.]
1834. Br. g. by Tariff. [D. McArthur.]
1835. —— by ——.
1836. B. f. by Tariff. [D. McArthur.]
1837. Ch. f. by Sir Charles. Now stinted to John Richards.

4th. *Patty Renick*, grey, age not known, bred by Felix Renick, of Ohio, by Beau Laquais, or McCoomb's Arabian, dam by Imp. Spread Eagle.

PRODUCE.

1833. G. c. *Surveyor*, by Tariff. [D. McArthur.]
Missed and not bred until Spring of 1837, when she is stinted to Tomahawk.

5th. A *Chesnut Filly*, foaled in 1831, bred by Abm. Spears, of Ky., got by Ratler, dam by Forrester—mark, star and snip.

1837. She is stinted to Jefferson Scott's Cadet. [D. McArthur.]

6th. A *Brown Filly*, foaled in 1832, bred by M. B. P. Williams, of Ky.; by McDuffie, dam by Whipster, g. dam by Ewing's Old Court.

1837. She is stinted to Civil John. [D. McArthur.]

7th. A *Bay Filly*, foaled in 1832, bred by Job Stevenson, of Ky., by Cherokee, her dam Mr. Stevenson certifies too generally was a full-blood Medley.

1837. Stinted to Sir Charles. [D. McArthur.]

8th. *Blue-ing*, dark ch. f., foaled Spring of 1833, bred by D. McArthur, and by Tariff, dam by Van Mater's Diomed.

1837. Stinted to Roanoke, jr.

9th. *Bertha*, ch. m., foaled summer of 1831, bred by Col. Wm. McDonald, of Mason County, Ky.; by Hutchcraft's Bertrand, dam by Gray's Buzzard.

PRODUCE.

1836. B. f. *Ann Bush*, by Tariff. [W. M. Anderson.]
1837. Ch. f. *Carola*, by Sir Charles. [W. M. Anderson.]
Now stinted to Mr. Scott's Imp. Contract.

In addition to the above, and as explanatory of the same, I send you the pedigrees of two or three of our Western horses, certified correct.

Imprim.—Gen. McArthur's *Blue Jacket*, was by Shepherd's Consul, he by Bond's First Consul, dam by Van Mater's Diomed, he by old Diomed. Imp. Shepherd's Consul was sire of many excellent horses in this country, nearly all however, but Cocktails in blood.

2d. *Beau Laquais* was a full brother of Sultana, both out of the mare and by the horse sent as a present to President Jefferson, by the Bey of Tunis. Beau Laquais crossed the sea "en ventre sa mere."

3d. *Gray's Buzzard*, by Imp. Buzzard, he by Woodpecker, his dam by Young Rockingham, he by Imp. Rockingham, son of Highflyer—Young Rockingham's dam was by Imp. Traveller, g. dam by Imp. Janus.

W. MARSHALL ANDERSON.

DANVILLE, (Va.) Aug. 12, 1837.

MR. EDITOR,—Availing myself of a notice in the Spirit of the Times of 22d July, I forward for insertion in your paper, and also in Mr. STRATTON's Stud Book, the pedigrees below given:—

Snowden, a white horse, 15 hands and 1 in. high, elegantly proportioned, of the most beautiful and commanding appearance, by Wild Medley,* dam by Sir Archy, g. dam by Imp. Dion—Imp. Diomed—Wild Air—Flimnap—Fearnaught—Janus, (Imp.)—Jolly Roger, out of the Imp. mare Mary Gray.

Mazeppa, bay, 15 h. 3½ in. high, by Murat, dam by Carolinian, g. dam Danae, by Imp. Knowsley—Imp. Saltram—Xantippe, by old Celer—Diana, by Claudius—Sally Painter, by Imp. Sterling—Old Silver, the Imp. mare, by the Belsize Arabian.

Eliza, sorrel filly, 3 yrs. old, by American Eclipse, (very superior,) dam by Monsieur Tonson, g. dam by Sir Archy—Imp. Dion—Imp. Diomed—Wild Air—Flimnap—Fearnaught—Imp. Janus—Jolly Roger—Imp. mare Mary Gray.

Very respectfully, GEO. E. WELSH.

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* Wild Medley was raised by Capt. Samuel Washington, of Culpepper Co., Va., and was by the Imp. horse Mendoza, dam by Imp. Pensacola—Lindsay's Arabian—Old Fearnaught—Arabian Ranger. Crossed by old Rockingham.

EVERGREEN, Orangeburgh Dist., (S. C.) Aug. 14, 1837.

SIR,—I send you the pedigrees of a mare and colt, which may reach you, perhaps, in time for insertion in the New Stud Book. The pedigree of the mare is certified by Mr. WM. GIBBONS, of New York, from whom I purchased her in 1835. Yours &c. JOHN G. GUIGNARD.

Empress, b. m., foaled in July 1828, by Henry, her dam Nell, by Duroc, g. dam Stargazer, by Hopper Boy, g. g. dam May Flower, by Warren De Lacey's Wildair, g. g. g. dam by Imp. Sourkrout, g. g. g. g. dam an imported mare. (Now in foal to Rowton.)

PRODUCE.

1835. Missed to Eclipse.
1836. Missed to Monsieur Tonson.
1837. B. c. by Imp. Rowton, dropped 4th April.

A German Bed.—The fact is, the Germans do not lie in their beds; they sit in them, as it were, generally speaking, and this is why the first thing an English traveller has to do is to pull out half-a-dozen pillows and short wedge-shaped mattresses inserted in the top, so as to raise the upper half until it is almost at right angles with the lower. So much for the pillows of which we have counted as many as nine. As for the dimensions of the bed, I cannot pretend to account. What a long legged man, or even a tall woman, does with his or her superfluity of limb is a mystery quite beyond me, and one I shall probably never be able to unravel. I only hope most sincerely that the German dowagers never attain to the portly dimensions of some of the 'merry wives' of England of a certain age; they certainly in that case would never find either hip or elbow room in the narrow cribs. Blankets there are none. A wadded counterpane, called a *bett decke*, tied in between two narrow sheets the exact breadth of the bed, is the single and simple substitute. In winter a light feather bed of down *couvre pieds* is added to this. Wo to the luckless mortal who is given to dreaming or the indulgence of tossing in his slumbers; at the first turn, down slides the treacherous *decke* on the ground, leaving him exposed to the tender mercies of the frosty night.

Horrible!—The Marquis de Breze, the Master of the Ceremonies, at Versailles, nearly died of his fright at the first pair of shoes divested of buckles, which he saw on the feet of a revolutionary Minister, ascending the stairs to the royal levee. He rushed over to Demourierz, then Minister of War.—"He is actually entering," exclaimed the Marquis, "with ribbons in his shoes!" Dumourierz, himself one of the incendiaries of the revolution, solemnly said, "*Tout est fini!*"

TO ALL WHO KEEP HORSES.

JUST received, a large supply of WADE'S WORM and CONDITION POWDERS, for horses, a medicine well known in England and France, where it has stood the test of experience, and certificates granted by the first veterinary surgeons, recommending all who keep horses particularly to use the powders at this season of the year, in order to promote the animals condition. These powders destroy the worms, loosens the hide, fines the coat, so as to do away the necessity of bleeding, renders the food more nutritive, prevents the animal taking cold after exposure to heat, and are at all times a great restorotive after a hard day's work. They require no restraint in either labor or feeding, and require little trouble in giving, as it is simply throwing the fourth part of the powder into the horse's feed at night.

Agent for New York, J. H. Howard, corner of Broadway and Chambers-street, and J. G. Howard, corner of Hicks and Fulton-streets, Brooklyn. [At26]

COLUMBUS (Miss.) FALL RACES.

THE Fall Races over the Hyde Park Course, Columbus, Miss., will come off on the 16th Oct., with the following Purses:—

First Day—Sweepstakes, Mile heats, for colts and fillies 3 yrs. old last Spring, sub. $200, h. ft.; 3 or more to make a race, and close by the 10th Oct. Entries made by letter, addressed to the Proprietor.

Second Day—Purse $300, Two mile heats, free for all ages; ent. $15.

Third Day—Purse $400, Three mile heats, free for all ages; ent. $20.

Fourth Day—Purse $700, Four mile heats, free for all ages; ent. $35.

Fifth Day—Handicap Purse $200, Mile heats, best 3 in 5, free for all ages; ent. $10.

Sixth Day—Proprietor's Purse $500, Two mile heats, free for all ages; ent. $50.

The races come off earlier this Fall than usual, in order to give racers a chance of going either to Greensboro' and Mobile, Ala., or Vicksburg and Natchez, Miss., in time to attend the races. The Hyde Park Course is now in beautiful order, and the proprietors will spare no pains to render every gentleman comfortable that may attend.

Columbus, Miss., July 23, 1837. [At17] THE PROPRIETOR.

IMPORTED HORSE CETUS.

COPY of a letter from B. O. TAYLOE, Esq. to ROBERT B. CORBIN, Esq., dated

Paris, June 22, 1837.

My Dear Sir,—Since my visit to England I have become satisfied that *Cetus* will justify all that you have expected from him. He was in great repute at home, where he has left some very promising stock. One that broke down in training (*Rococo*) had performed so well, having beat *Chapeau d'Espagne*, second for the Oaks, *Corban*, a late Ascot winner, &c. &c. that he was a leading favorite for the Derby. Another Cetus colt won this week at Versailles, and is regarded as the *best* 3 yr. old in France. On account of his form, blood, and achievements, I am satisfied that but few of the horses that have been introduced into our country have commanded as high a price at the time of exportation, or were in higher esteem, than Cetus. The get of *Rowton* and *Cetus*, if they have a fair chance, may prove superior to others at *our distances*.

There is nothing comparable in England to the *bottom* of the Whalebones.

At this time Touchstone stands at the head of the Turf. He is but little larger than Cetus.

I am not at all surprised at the success of the Luzboroughs. The advantage of foreign osses is decidedly in favor of the imported horses.

crWishing you success with your stock, I remain, my dear sir, very truly yours.

[At19-4t] BENJAMIN OGLE TAYLOE.

CULPEPER C. H. (Va.) FALL RACES

WILL commence on the 3d Tuesday in Sept. and continue 4 days. Besides the usual Jockey Club and Proprietor's purses (three in number), the following stakes are open and will be run for, viz.:

Two Stakes for 3 yr. old colts and fillies, sub. $100 in each, h. ft. One for Two miles and repeat (now 5 subs.) the other One mile and repeat (now 4 subs.)

3d. A Stake free for all ages, One mile and repeat; sub. $100, h. ft.; 5 yr. olds and upwards, to carry 100lbs.—4, 90lbs.—3 and under, catches. 3 or more to make a race. Two have named, and it is expected 5 or 6 will enter. This race will be run the 1st day, so as to afford an opportunity for the horses in it to run the last day for the Proprietor's purse, Mile heats, best 3 in 5.

4th. A Stake for 4 yr. old colts and fillies, sub. $50, ft. $30, One mile and repeat. Three or more to make a race.

5th. A Stake for 3 yr. old colts and fillies, sub. $50, ft. $30, One mile and repeat; 3 or more to make a race.

The two last Stakes are confined to colts raised in Culpeper, or some adjoining county, or county next to an adjoining county. These Stakes all close on the 1st Sept. The Haymarket races, half way to Washington City, following on the succeeding Tuesday, aad then Washington City races the following week. All convenient.

Culpeper C. H., Va., August, 1837. [At19-4t.] THE PROPRIETOR.

City of Toronto and York County Race Meeting.

OVER (Mr. Scarlet's) Simcoe Chace Course, on Wednesday the 6th, Thursday 7th, and Friday the 8th, days of September, 1837. ☞ To start at one o'clock, precisely.

STEWARDS.

George Gurnett, Esq., Mayor of the City.
Thomas McGrath, Esq.
Charles Heath, Esq.
Alexander Buchanan, Esq.
George D. Wells, Esq.
G. H. Ainslie, Esq.
Captain Maitland, 24th Regiment.
Captain Strachan.
J. R. McKnight, Esq.
George Duggan, jr. Esq.
G. B. Willard, Esq.

First Day.—The City Stakes of 2*l.* 10*s.* each, p.p. with 25*l.* added by the Stewards, free for all horses; heats, Two miles and a distance; 3 yr. olds to carry 6st. 9lb—4, 7st. 9lb.—5, 8st. 4lb.—6, 8st. 10lb.—aged, 9st.

Same Day—The Provincial Stakes of 1*l.* 10*s.* each, with 15*l.* added (from the Race funds) for horses bred in the Province that never won plate, match, or sweepstakes, before the day of entry, of the value of 30*l.*; 3 yr. olds to carry 10st. 7lb.—4, 11st. 4lb.—5, 11st. 10lb.—6 and aged, 12st. Heats, once round and a distance. Gentlemen riders.

The County Stakes of 1*l.* 5*s.* each, with 15*l.* added; free for all horses, (winner of the City Stakes to carry 5lb. extra), 3 yr. olds to carry 7st. 3lb.—4, 8st. 4lb.—5, 8st. 13lb.—6, 9st. 4lb.—aged, 9st. 7lb. Heats, once round and a distance.

Second Day—The Maccaroni Stakes of 2*l.* 10*s.* each, with 25*l.* added by the Ladies; free or all horses. Heats, once round and a distance. Weights same as Provincial Stakes. Gentlemen riders.

The Omni Parity Stakes of 1*l.* 5*s.* each, with 15*l.* added, free for all horses. Heats, Three miles. Weights same as for City Stakes.

The Tally Ho! Hurdle Stakes of 1*l.* 5*s.* each, with 15*l.* added, for horses not thorough bred, that have never publicly won purse, match, or sweepstakes, before the day of entry; heats, once round and a distance. Weights same as for Provincial Stakes.

Third Day—The Simcoe Chace Handicap Stakes of 2*l.* 10*s.* each, with 25*l.* added by the Lord of the Manor, for all horses that have run in any of the former races. Heats, Two miles.

The Retriever Handicap Sweepstakes of 1*l.* 5*s.* each, with 15*l.* added, for the beaten horses in all the former races. Heats, once round.

Two excellent saddles and bridles will also be run for. The winner of one race to carry 5lbs. extra, of two, 7lbs., of 3 or more, 10lbs. extra. Mares and geldings allowed 3lbs., except for the handicaps.

All stakes to be paid at entrance—every defaulter, although a winner, shall be considered distanced.

The second stake-paid horse in each race to save his stake. Three horses to start, or, should the Stewards think proper, the money added will not be given. Gentlemen riders and owners of every horse, to be a subscriber of at least $5 to the races.

Every winner to pay 5 per cent towards expenses No horse shall be allowed to start unless the rider turns out in full jockey style. Entrances to be made at the *North American Hotel*, between the hours of two and four, on Monday before the races.

No person shall be allowed to ride with, or join the horses while running, and the course shall be cleared instantly on the signal for saddling being given.

Liberty to erect booths or stands may be had on application to Mr. Duggan, or Mr. Maitland. No one admitted to the Grand Stand without an introduction from a Steward.

Dogs on the Course will be shot.

JOHN MAITLAND, Esq., *Sec'y and Treas'r.*
ROBERT BLEVINS, Esq., *Clerk of the Course.*
Toronto, Upper Canada, August, 1837. [At19]

JEFFERSON (Va.) JOCKEY CLUB.

THE RACES this Fall (the last annual meeting) will commence on Tuesday, two weeks preceding the Washington City Races, (which last will commence on the 1st Tuesday in Oct.

First Day—Purse $400, Four mile heats.

Second Day—Purse $200, Mile heats, best 3 in 5.

Third Day—Purse $200, Two mile heats.

Fourth Day—Proprietor's Purse, $100, Mile heats.

The entrance to all the purses will be 7 per cent.—Should there not be four entries, the winner of the Purse to make them up.

There are also open, two Sweepstakes for 3 yr. old colts and fillies; the first, Two mile heats, sub. $250, ft. $75. The second, Mile heats, sub. $150, ft. $50—both for colts that have not won stakes at fashionable courses. Entries to be made not later than the 5th Aug.

There will also be open a third Sweepstakes for 3 yr. old colts and fillies, sub. $200, h. ft., Mile heats; 3 or more to make a race; *free for any thing "that wears hair."* To name and close by the 15th Aug. Entries to be made with WM. CROW, Jr., *Treasurer.*

Charlestown, Aug. 12, 1837. [At12-3t]

IMPORTANT SALE
Of Imported Short-Horned Cattle, at Philadelphia.

ON Tuesday, 12th Sept., 1837, at 11 o'clock in the morning, will be sold at public sale, by Catalogue, at Powelton, about one mile from the City of Philadelphia, *Thirty-three head of Mr Whitaker's improved short-horned cattle*, viz., 18 cows and 15 bulls.

These cattle were shipped from England at the suggestion of Col. John Hare Powell, when he examined Mr. Whitaker's Stock in Sept. last, and are well worthy of attention.

Philadelphia, Aug. 1837. M. THOMAS & SON, *Auctioneers.*

☞ A Catalogue, with the pedigrees, may be seen at the office of this paper. [At12]

TO THE FASHIONABLE AND SPORTING WORLD.

FOR DYING THE HAIR, from Grey or Red to a beautiful Black or Brown.—*Mohammed's Turkish Dye* is universally admitted to be the best article ever sent before the public. It is daily superseding every other preparation for the purpose, which is mostly composed of deleterious materials, and must eventually give way entirely to the Turkish Dye. Its operation is almost magical, being applied to the head at night before going to bed; on rising in the morning the transformation is complete. The skin meantime suffers no change, either from discolorment, eruption, roughness, or other cause—its use being attended with no inconvenience or ill consequences whatever.

Price $2. Sold wholesale and retail, by
[At12] H. C. HART, 173 Broadway, corner of Courtlandt-St

NATIONAL JOCKEY CLUB.

WASHINGTON CITY RACES, Fall meeting, 1837, will commence the 1st Tuesday, 3d Oct., and continue five days.

The following Sweepstakes are open for the Washington Course, Fall meeting, 1837:—

A Sweepstakes for colts and fillies, 3 yrs. old. Spring, 1837; sub. $300, ft. $100; Two mile heats. Now 7 subs. To close 17th Aug.

A Sweepstakes for 3 yr old colts and fillies; sub. $500, ft. $300; Two mile heats. To name and close 1st Sept. Now one sub. and five or six others expected.

Gentlemen making entries to the above Stakes, will please address Jas. S. Garrison, Norfolk, Va., Proprietor. [At12]

THE NORFOLK RACES will commence the 3d Tuesday, 19th Sept. Particulars hereafter. [At12-3t] J. S. GARRISON, *Proprietor.*

SWEEPSTAKES—FAIRFIELD, Va.

A Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, Fall meeting, 1837, Two mile heats; ent. $200; 3 subs. and closed.

A Sweepstakes for 2 yr. olds, Autumn of 1837, One mile out; ent. $100, h. ft. The same entries to be made for a Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, Spring, 1838, Mile heats; ent. $200, h. ft. To name and close 15th Aug. Now 2 subs.

A Post Stake, Two mile heats, for 4 yr. olds; ent. $200, p.p.; the Autumn of 1837. Three subs. and closed—Fall meeting.

A Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, Spring meeting of 1838, out of mares that never won a race, nor produced a winner; Mile heats; ent. $150, ft. $100. To name and close 1st March, 1838. Now 6 subs., and promises well, as there is a large number of mares of that class. Intended entirely for "Honest Countrymen," who are "kept out of play" generally, by the "high trump."

A Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, Spring, 1838; Mile heats. Ent. $200, h. ft. To name and close 1st Jan. 1838.

A Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, Spring of 1839, Mile heats; ent. $1000, ft. $200; 4 or more to make a race. To name and close 1st July, 1838. Now one sub.

A Produce Stake for 3 yr. olds, Spring of 1839, Mile heats; ent. $300, ft. $100. To name and close 1st Jan., 1838. Now 7 subs.

A Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, Spring meeting, 1840, Mile heats; ent. $500, ft. $200. To name and close 1st Jan. 1838. Now 2 subs. [Ju29] JOHN S. CORBIN, *Proprietor.*

CAMDEN AND PHILADELPHIA RACES.

THE FOLLOWING SWEEPSTAKES are now open to be run over the Camden and Philadelphia Course.

A Sweepstakes for 3 yr olds that never won a race; Fall meeting, 1837; Mile heats. Ent. $300, ft. $100. Four or more to make a race. To close 1st Aug. Now 5 subs., viz.:

Jas. M. Selden,
Wm. Jones,
A. L. Botts,
Isham Puckett,
J. S. Garrison.

A Sweepstakes for 3 yr. old colts and fillies, (Fall meeting, 1837,) Two mile heats; ent. $500, ft. $200. To close 15th Sept.

A Sweepstakes for 3 yr. old colts and fillies, (Spring meeting, 1838,) $500 ent., $200 ft.; 4 or more to make a race; to close 1st Jan., 1838.

A Sweepstakes for 4 yr. olds, (Spring meeting, 1838,) Two mile heats; ent. $500, ft. $250; 4 or more to make a race, to close 1st Nov., 1837. Now 2 subs.

A Sweepstakes, (Fall meeting, 1838,) with colts and fillies then 3 yrs. old, Two mile heats, ent. $500, ft. $200; 4 or more to make a race, to close 1st June, 1838.

A Sweepstakes, (Spring meeting, 1839,) for colts and fillies then 3 yrs. old, Mile heats; ent. $300, ft. $100; 4 or more to make a race; to close 1st Jan., 1839.

A Sweepstakes, (Fall meeting, 1839,) for colts and fillies then 3 yrs. old, Two mile heats; ent. $500, ft. 200; 4 or more to make a race; to close 1st June, 1839.

A Sweepstakes, (Spring meeting, 1840,) for colts and fillies then 3 yrs. old, Mile heats; ent. $500, ft. $200; 4 or more to make a race; to close 1st June, 1838; to which there is now 5 subs.

A Sweepstakes, (Fall meeting, 1840,) for colts and fillies then 3 yrs. old, Two mile heats; ent. $500, ft. $200.

Philadelphia, July 6, 1837. [Ju8] W. N. FRIEND.

GREENSBORO' (Ala.) J. C. RACES,

OVER THE HENRY COURSE, will commence on the 4th Tuesday, 24th day of October next.

First Day—A Sweepstake for 3 yr. old colts and fillies, ent. $100, h. ft.: Mile heats; 3 or more to make a race. To name and close 1st September, 1837.

SUBSCRIBERS.

A. Webster. Saml. H. Early. N. B. Starke. Wm. M. Inge.

Second Day—Proprietor's Purse, $300; free for all ages; ent. $20. Two Mile heats.

Same Day—A Sweepstake for 3 yr. old colts and fillies, ent. $200, h. ft.; Two Mile heats; 3 or more to make a race. To name and close 1st September, 1837. Now one Subscriber—Wm. M. Inge.

Third Day—Jockey Club Purse, $1000; ent. $50; $200 to be awarded to the second best horse in the race, provided he saves his distance. Four Mile heats.

Fourth Day—A Poststake for 3 yr old colts and fillies; ent. $200, p. p.; Two Mile heats; now one Subscriber—Wm. A. Verell.

Same Day—A Sweepstake, free for all ages (weights for age), ent. $200, p. p.; Two mile heats.

SUBSCRIBERS.

Wm. H. Leland. Early & Amis. N. B. Starke. Jno. B. Jones. Wm. M. Inge.

Fifth Day—A Sweepstake for 4 yr. olds; ent. $500, p. p. Two Mile heats.

SUBSCRIBERS.

Wm. A. Verell. N. B. Starke. Edw. Johnson. Levin Gale.

Any communication addressed to either of the Proprietors, Greensboro', will be attended to.

H. A. TAYLOE,
J. C. BRANCH,
Greensboro', Ala., June 22d, 1837. [Jy15] ROBT. BEVERLEY.

KENDALL COURSE—FALL MEETING, 1837.

THE following Sweepstakes are now open to be run over the above course.

1st. A Sweepstakes for colts and fillies then 3 yrs. old, Two mile heats; sub. $300, ft. $100. Three or more to make a race. To name and close 1st Sept.

2d. A Sweepstakes for colts and fillies then 3 yrs. old; Two mile heats; sub. $100, h. ft. Free only for nags bred or owned in Maryland, and as far South as the Rappahannock. Three or more to make a race. To name and close 1st Sept.

3d. A Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds that never won a race, Two mile heats; ent. $200, ft. $100. To name and close 15th Sept. next.

Spring Meeting, 1838.

4th. A Sweepstakes for colts and fillies then 3 yrs. old, Mile heats; sub. $300, ft. $100. Three or more to make a race. To name and close 1st March next.

5th. A Sweepstakes for colts and fillies then 3 yrs. old, Mile heats; sub. $100, h. ft. Free only for nags bred or owned in Maryland, and as far South as the Rappahannock. Three or more to make a race. To name and close 1st March next.

Gentlemen desirous of entering into the above stakes, will please address

JAS. B. KENDALL, *Proprietor, Baltimore.*

☞ The Fall Races will take place over this Course the Second Tuesday in October (the 10th.) [J15]

BUFFALO JOCKEY CLUB—FALL RACES, 1837.

THE following Sweepstakes are now open to be run for over this course, situated near Clarksville, Mecklenburg County, Va., at the ensuing Fall meeting.

1st. A Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, ent. $200, h. ft. Two Mile heats. To name and close 1st Sept. 1837. Four or more to make a race.

2d. A Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, ent. $100, h. ft. Mile heats. To name and close as above. Four or more to make a race.

3d. A Sweepstakes for 2 yr. olds, ent. $100, h. ft. One mile out. Colts 80lbs., fillies allowed 3lbs. To name and close as above. Three or more to make a race.

This Club has been revived the present year, with a large increase to its subscription; trainers and breeders are invited to subscribe to the above Sweepstakes. Address the subscriber, Clarksville, Va JAMES WILLIAMSON, *Proprietor.*

Mecklenburg County, July 1, 1837. [J15]

SWEEPSTAKES—MULBERRY COURSE, Va.

THE following Stakes are to be run over the Mulberry Course, near Fredericksburgh, Fall meeting, 1837, to commence the 4th Tuesday in Oct.

A Stake for 3 yr. olds, Two mile heats; sub. $100, h. ft. To name and close 1st August. Four subs.

A Stake for 3 yr. olds, Mile heats; sub. $100, h. ft. To name and close 1st Sept. One subscriber.

A Post Stake for 3 yr. olds, Two mile heats; sub. $150. To close the evening preceding the 1st day's race.

A Post Stake free for all ages, Two mile heats; sub. $200. To close 1st Oct.

A Produce Stake for colts and fillies foaled Spring, 1838, to run Spring, 1841, then 3 years old; Mile heats; sub. $500, ft. $200. To name and close 1st Jan., 1838. Now 10 subs.

Lynchburg, July 5, 1837. [J15-tls] J. H. OLIVER, *Proprietor.*

TREE HILL (Va.) RACES.

THE following Sweepstakes are open to be run over the Tree Hill Course, Fall meeting 1837.

A Sweepstakes for 3 year olds, Two mile heats; ent. $300, ft. $100 Four or more to make a race. To name and close 1st Sept. Now one sub. and four promised.

A Sweepstakes for 3 year olds, Mile heats; ent. $200, h. ft. Four or more to make a race. To name and close 1st Sept. Expected to be large, now 1 sub.

A Sweepstakes for 3 year olds that never won a race prior to naming. Mile heats; ent. $100, h. ft. Four or more to make a race. To name and close 1st Sept. Several have promised to come down to this stake.

Tree Hill, June 27, 1837. [Ju8]

NEW ORLEANS J. C. RACES—ECLIPSE COURSE.

THE NEW ORLEANS RACES, over the Eclipse Course, will commence the first Tuesday in December, 1837, for the following purses.—

Four mile heats $3000, $500 to the second best horse.

Three mile heats $2000, $400 to the second best horse.

Two mile heats $1500, $300 to the second best horse.

Two mile heats, Plate, value $1000—5 year olds and under, their appropriate weight: 6 yr. olds and over, 100lbs. Liberal purses will be given for Mile heats and Mile heats best 3 in 5. Same purses will be given at the Spring meeting, the first Tuesday in April, 1838.

Y. N. OLIVER, *Proprietor and Treasurer.*

SWEEPSTAKES to be run over the Eclipse Course, New Orleans, Fall meeting, 1837; to commence 1st Tuesday in December.

A Post Stake for all ages, Four mile heats; sub. $5000, ft. $1000; 3 or more to make a race. To be run the Saturday previous to the first Tuesday in December. To close the 1st Sept. 1837. One subscriber.—This stake will in all probability have 6 subs.

A Sweepstakes for 3 year olds, to run 1st day of the Fall meeting, 1837, Mile heats; sub. $1000, ft. $250; to name and close as above.

Spring meeting, 1838, to commence 1st Tuesday in April.

A Post Stake, P. P., for 3 year old colts and fillies, Mile heats; sub. $1000; 5 subs. and closed.

Sweepstakes for all ages, Three mile heats; sub. $2500, ft. $1000; 3 or more to make a race. To run the Saturday previous to the first Tuesday in April. To name and close the 1st of Jan. 1838. Address Y. N. OLIVER, New Orleans.

New Orleans, May 1, 1837. [m13]

NEW-YORK SPIRIT OF THE TIMES;
A METROPOLITAN GAZETTE OF THE
SPORTING, LITERARY AND FASHIONABLE WORLD.
WILLIAM T. PORTER, EDITOR.

A NEW VOLUME (the Seventh) of this paper was commenced on the 18th of February, 1837, being the *second* volume of a NEW SERIES, that was commenced on the 20th Feb., 1836. (The Old Series comprised Five Volumes, and a supplement of four numbers.) Great care is taken to forward THE SPIRIT OF THE TIMES strongly enveloped and legibly directed, by the earliest mails, to its different subscribers throughout the Union, and particular attention is paid to its punctual and safe transmission, by ship, to foreign ports.

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